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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

Is Life Worth Living?

Is Life worth living? So the question goes
Sounding along the weary ages! Life—
A hopeless tragedy of cares and woes,
Of useless agony and unending strife!

Is Life worth living? 'Tis a lie, a cheat,
A farce, whose tears and mirth alike are feigned
A race course, where the race is to the fleet,
And bitterer than death the victory gained.

Is Life worth living? Empty, sordid, mean,
Though we have cleared all fallacies away,
And faith, religion, virtue, no more screen
With painted veil Truth from the light of day.

Is Life worth living? Lo, the very air,
Is dark with tears, the ground beneath is red
With brother's blood, in hatred or despair
By his own hand or his neighbor's shed!

Life is worth living! Far beyond the creed
Of coward hearts, who carp at life, I know
It is a precious gift of God indeed.
Worth living? Yea, Himself hath found it so.

See—thou shalt know it if thou wilt forsake
Thy selfish ease, and to the depths go down,
And lovingly thy brother's burden take
Unheeding of the gay world's sneer or frown!

Pause not to muse upon the wreck of Truth
Or smile with cynic scorn,—join in the fight!
Give freely of thy time and strength and youth,
And what thou doest do it with thy might.

Support the weak, bind up the broken heart,
Give help and sympathy, and thou shalt prove
That noble Faith can quench each fiery dart
Of doubt—that Hate is feebler far than love.

Life is worth living? Therefore live it well.
Believe in God and man. So life, God-given,
Shall never sound its own sad funeral knell,
But climb to immortality and Heaven!

STORY TELLER.

Jean Pegolan.

Jean Pegolan, farmer of Eyevettes, is in good humor this evening. Around him the wind is sighing among the leaves of the trees the melancholy song of autumn, while the low sun is sending its red, level rays through the branches; the sky is dark blue, the scent—penetrating and spicy—of the fallen leaves fills the forest, and Jean Pegolan, moved half unconsciously by the ripe, mellow beauty of all around him, touches his good gray mare with his whip lightly to hurry her on her homeward way.

It is true that the German army is marching on Paris; true that the Prussians have pillaged a village here, burned a farmhouse there, and even that they have shot some inoffensive peasants now and then; but, after all, what is that to Jean Pegoian?

His horses, his cattle, his fields have not suffered from the marauders.

In the town where he had just sold his crops he saw Prussians—but really they were not such monsters—but men like ourselves.

Just as he turns at the Croix Verte, the village with its high church towers, the weathercock on the top, turned to burning, molten gold by the rays of the setting sun, meets his eye.

At that sight Jean Pegolan smiles, already he tastes in imagination the good soup smoking on the table in expectation of his arrival, and his mouth waters.

"Allons! Hue la Grise."

But la Grise stops suddenly. A German aide de-camp had ridden up, and forced to draw rein by the narrowness of the road, and Jean Pegolan, being rather slow in turning out for him, the officer raises his whip and the lash cuts across the farmer's face from ear to ear. Certainly the farmer of Eyevettes has a most profound respect for the conquerors of his native land, but at this blow rage fills his heart. Standing up in his cart, he returns it with interest.

The heavy wooden seat comes crashing down upon the head of the Prussian, who tumbled off his horse with a broken skull.

In the forest the trees are tall, silence broods over all, the moon is rising slowly above the horizon from behind a veil of light, transparent clouds.

Pegolan, his rage gone as quickly as it came, glances fearfully about him.

The Prussian has tumbled head foremost into a dry ditch, his heels high in the air, his face buried in the mud at the bottom. There is small fear of his returning to relate this adventure to his brothers in arms.

"Allons! Hue la Grise!" And the mare bounds under the lash and sets off for home at a gallop.

* * * * *

They have all been driven like a flock of sheep into the church—the peasants of the neighborhood.

They are huddled together in the nave of the building—some very pale, other very red—the throats of all choked with fear. Through the tall, unpainted windows of the church a crude light falls, cutting large bleak squares upon the rude blouses and lighting up cruelly these faces, of which terror has drawn the lips and pinched the nostrils. Above the altar, between two unlighted wax tapers, hangs a great plaster image of the crucified Saviour; its outstretched arms seem to be blessing those below. From the graveyard surrounding the church come the heavy, pungent odor of the dying leaves, mingled with the chattering of the sparrows quarreling among the tombstones.

The evening before a German patrol had discovered at the crossroad of the Croix Verte the body of the murdered Uhlan lying in the ditch—murdered by one of the cowardly peasants without doubt.

At dawn a battalion of Saxon chasseurs has marched in Eyevettes, and, by order of the commander, all the men round about have been driven into and shut up in the church. They have been given till noon to discover and deliver up the assassin to justice. That time past, and the murderer not found, the village with its outlying farms will be set on fire.

Half past eleven has just been tolled from the clock tower. Oh, if they, the peasants, only knew who this assassin, this murderer, this bandit was, who had brought them into his predicament, how gladly would they deliver him up. If necessary they would hang him with their own hands. But, alas, they do not know and time is passing. He who could free his neighbors and his friends from embarrassment, who could say to them with truth: "The murderer, the assassin, the bandit—it is I— behold him!" he is very careful not to utter a word. Seated in the shadow of one of the confessionals, his cap drawn down tightly over his eyes, sick with fear: Jean Pegolan thinks of his wife—so young and enticing; of his cows ruminating peacefully in the meadow; of his hay bursting through the windows of his granary; and he tells himself that to die now is to leave all these good gifts of Providence forever.

Would he not be very stupid to confess? After all he did not mean to kill the Prussian; he had no idea he struck so hard. And with the arguments he quiets his conscience.

If the lot to die falls on an innocent man, why, so much the worse for the poor wretch—yes, everybody for himself in this selfish world.

Ding, dong, ding. Eleven and three quarters ring out from the church steeple.

Only a quarter of an hour left them to make up their minds.

The vibrations of the bell die slowly away, and silence like a great dark bird fall down upon the vaulted room. Then the regular, heavy tread of a company of soldiers is heard outside—a harsh voice calls "Halt!" and the butts of the muskets fall with a hollow, clanging sound on the ground. Decidedly it is time for the prisoners in the church to discover the murderer.

Now one among them whispers a name. It is only a whisper, yet somehow every one has heard it. Quickly, quickly take it up—it resounds from every side.

Jean Pegolan draws a great breath of relief. It is not his name that he hears. It is that of a poor wretch, half woodcutter, half poacher—a "red" who voted non at the plebiscite. The miserable man has a sickly wife and three small children, of whom the oldest one has just begun to run about alone.

The death of the father will leave his family to die of hunger. But if he did not absolutely kill the Prussian, he is capable of doing it. Then, too, he is a beggar—a thief—and the others are rich farmers, honest tillers of the soil.

Yes, Justice before Mercy!

In vain the unhappy wretch protests his innocence of the crime, affirming that on the day and evening of the murder he did not leave his hut. He had hurt himself the day before in felling a tree. All day long he lay on his bed; they can send for his wife, she will bear witness that he is telling the truth. In vain he drags himself on his knees from this one to the other, praying, in a voice suffocated with agony, for mercy, for pity, not for himself, but for his sickly wife, his children of such a tender age. Silence, stern, inexorable replies to his prayers.

From his corner bathed in sweat, Jean Pegolan listens to the condemned man's pleading, dreading that the prayers of the unhappy wretch may succeed in melting his hearers' hard hearts, and he may obtain the mercy for which he implores—an useless fear on Pegolan's part. The peasants are only too relieved to have at last found a way out of their difficulty. They are anxious to have done with the matter, to be rid of the sight of this man, who kneels there tearing his hair and shrieking out curses upon them for their selfishness and cruelty. And the great image of Christ bends over them all; his gracious head crowned by the cruel thorns.

Now the portals of the church door suddenly are thrown wide open, showing the square outside bristling with bayonets.

In the doorway appears the platoon of execution, their guns shining in the warm, dusty light which falls down from above. Twelve o'clock rings out from the belfry.

A valley of musketry rings out, followed by a short, panting shriek, and the corpse of the beggar lies there in the dusty road, his blood gleaming in the sunlight stains the soles of the shoes of the soldiers as they wheel about; while the mounted German officers look down scornfully, as they ride away, upon the body of the French coward, who died screaming like a woman.

* * * * * *

Jean Pegolan is returning to his farm. Sapristi, how pleasant it is to be home again. The hens are comfortably scratching in the barnyard, the pigeons cooing on the roof, the ducks lazily swimming up and down the pond.

From the outhouses, which have fortunately escaped the depredations of the Prussians, comes the grave lowing of the milch cows, to which the strident neighing of la Grise respond. The sheaves of wheat upon the granary floor fill the enclosure with a warm, yellow light, and above the piled-up hay threatens to burst through the low windows.

The farmer of Eyevettes gives himself a shake; he feels that his shirt is still damp upon his back. He enters his home. A woman—it is his wife—is kneeling by the bedside. She rises at the sound of the opening door.

"What, they have not shot you!" she exclaims. "It was you," she continues, who killed the Prussian at the Croix, Vete. After you were gone, I found the blouse you wore—there was blood on it."

"Keep quiet, keep quiet. It is quite true. But you will not betray me?"

"Have no fear; but you," returns his wife, with a shudder, "you—you let another man be shot in you place?"

"It was not my fault. It was the maire who made the choice."

"Jean Pegolan—you wretch, you wicked coward—adieu."

Pegolan has fallen into a chair. Deep down in his heart stirs a feeling akin to remorse. And as the cart drives off, carrying away with his wife, who has left him to return to her parents, he remains huddled up in his chair. Evening draws on. The Saxon battalion marches away to the sounds of fife and drum.

The wife and children of the murdered man are left to die of hunger. But by this time Jean Pegolan had recovered his serenity. After all those bandits of Prussians did not burn his farm.—*Temple Bar.*

CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING.

ONE OF THE MOST FASCINATING STUDIES ONE CAN FIND—SOME OF THE SIGNS.

Graphology is the art of reading character in handwriting. It is one of the most fascinating studies one can find; absorbing one's attention; making one a nuisance to one's friends and acquaintances in one's search for bits of writing. The poorest writing is as good to study as the best—better, in fact. The good writing—the writing that is still as the writer was taught by the teacher—shows a character without any originality. But what is graphology? Well, in brief, it is the art of character in handwriting, and enables one to study his friend or enemy at a distance—and as friendly letters are the least unstudied, the least formal, they reveal more of one's character. It is not necessary to read the words; but from the manner letters are made, how they are joined, how placed on the line, and many points, one can decide the character of a person wholly unknown. There is not a bit of prophesy about it, as in palmistry, phrenology and other as-called arts. Simply the moral and mental character of the person who wrote and at the time of writing. Comparing writings of persons at different periods, the decline, or advance in character can be told.

If I could have Maxwell's letters to Preller, and could have also letters written by him this past week, I could tell whether he has lost confidence or not. In our druggists' windows are portraits of two great artists, Adelina Patti and Mary Anderson. Take a good look at their signatures. There is no equal to a Patti and none of the Pattis can compare with Adelina! But it is a gracious, graceful pride, shown by the graceful underlining of the name. So, too, the old-time womanliness of the writer. Now turn to Mary Anderson. She belongs to the new generation. Less, far less of womanly grace and charm, more, far more of the age. She is a born business woman, one might say a business coquette. She could hold her own on 'change among our best and keenest merchants. The flourish to her name shows she can "draw trade," and what is more, can keep it. She is a poser—posing ever and always. One who wishes to keep in her good graces must praise her. She is cold blooded.

Now find if you scan the signature of Adelaide Neilson. What nobleness! What graciousness! What power and range of impression, and of expression. One of the regrets of my life is in never having seen and heard her. Since I began studying graphology I have not found a writing so essentially noble in all ways as is Adelaide Neilson's—what! I'm talking too fast, and haven't given you any proof of what I claim for graphology!

Well, you know that two signs of graphology have passed into proverbs. The careful person is one who always "dots his i's and crosses his t's," who always "minds his p's and q's." Let your readers take a bundle of letters, spread them out and look for small f's, and they will soon find some that are not simply looped, as the writing master taught, but are barred back of the down stroke. That is stubbornness. Now look farther and find some t's that are barred with a down slant from left to right, making an acute instead of an obtuse angle on the under right-hand side. There is the mark of an opinionated, contrary person.—"*W. B. W.*" *in Globe-Democrata.*

BILL NYE'S UMBRELLA.

HE TRIES TO IDENTIFY HIMSELF AND TURNS OUT TO BE SOMEBODY ELSE.

Last week in company with my family and about 80,000 other people, I paid a visit to the great industrial exposition at Minneapolis.

It is a great triumph of mind over matter.

There, on the east bank of the great parents of waters, by which term I would imply the Mississippi River, and near to and overlooking Col. St. Anthony's justly celebrated falls, stands a building costing $250,000, full of the products of every clime, and all prepared in eighty-three days. It filled me with wonder, as it must any one who views it thoughtfully and from a purely unpartisan point of view.

Less than three months ago, where the morning sun rose reluctantly over the elms of the east side and looked down upon several acres of unimproved real estate, and a broad sweep of wet saw logs, flecked with creamcolored boys wearing nothing but an air of defiance for the police, now a magnificent building faces the turbulent tide, and people from the four quarters of the globe jostle each other to the weird music of the Mexican band, while ever and anon a large and expensive fountain is dreamily squirting its rhythmic squirt.

Everywhere science and art are visible. Here in the new west, where Minnie Haha but a few fleeting years ago strained maple syrup through a pillow sham, the paleface wanders through acres of beautiful and useful articles, the offspring, I may say, of tireless hands and throbbing brains all over the universe.

Here where the warrior wooed his mahogany mate, and the papoose seemed indigenous to the soil, people from Farther India and Erin Prairie, Wis., come to listen to the passionate notes of the Mexican band and stab their umbrellas into the old masters.

A large policeman at the door of the art gallery, in harsh tones, requested me to deposit my umbrella with a young woman. I did it, for I respect a policeman wherever I meet him. Some of them are strangers to me, but they are generally men whose advice it is well to heed. Had it not been for these men I do not know where I would have been to-day—thousands of miles from here, perhaps.

He told me afterward that he had to stop people from carrying their canes and umbrellas into the art department, because thoughtless visitors now and then jabbed a hole in an $18,000 painting, and it delayed the exposition, when they had to wait for a Minneapolis artist to paint another one. He also stated that excited people poked the statuary with their canes and knocked off the drapery.

So I left my umbrella at the check room, for I did not wish to delay the exhibit while new overcoats were being prepared for the revised statues.

When I came back the young woman took my check, and as my radiant smile burst upon her and lit up that end of the building, she became embarrassed, dropped the check on the floor, where it mingled with the redeemed checks, and when I asked for my umbrella she looked at me with eyes like a startled codfish and murmured:

"What umbrella?"

Time was gliding swiftly by and I wanted to see some other things beside the umbrella exhibit, so I got over the counter to show her which one was mine. To jump over a counter is but the work of a moment with me. I am tall, athletic and easy in my movements, so I got over readily.

It seemed to suprise her and startle her. I learned afterward that it was not customary to climb over the counter in order to identify goods.

But she would not give up the umbrella. She wants it herself, no doubt. I do not blame her, for it is a good one, and has the name of James Whitcomb Riley engraved on the silver of the handle.

That is the way I identify it.

She wanted me to identify myself. I thought of showing her my pass to the exposition, but I decided not to do so because I went in on another man's pass, so I told her that if she would send a male attendant with me to an adjoining room I would demonstrate to the practical eye by certain embroidered hieroglyphics on my linen that I was the man I passed myself off for.

A young man, who is an attache of the building, accompanied me.

I succeeded in convincing him that my linen was marked Amos J. Walker, Indianapolis, Ind.

I did not again demand the umbrella. It has only been about two years since I began to conform to this umbrella habit, and to revel in its false joys, and I know that I was happier and more contented when I did not wear one than I have ever been since.

Some would have lost their tempers, but I did not. I was a perfect gentleman throughout. I thought I succeeded in convincing the most skeptical that, no matter how signally the young lady may have failed in that respect, I was a gentleman.

I thought so, at least, until I was going through the hardware exhibit about an hour later, when I heard a spectator say to the owner of the hardware:

"Here comes the party that's claiming to be Bill Nye, the humorsome writer, and just tried to nip an umbrella that belongs to J. W. Riley. Watch your cook stoves and keep your eye on the hot air furnaces till he goes away."

It seems to me that wealth certainly brings with it a degree of care and responsibility and heartache that poorly recompenses one for the long, hard struggle. And how much of comfort, too, we yield in our mad efforts to appear well in society. Had I still clung to my simple ways, instead of aping the wealthy and straining every nerve to wear an umbrella far above my station how much happier I might have been.—*Bill Nye in Boston Globe.*

None Great by Chance.

When Whitelaw Reid became the manager of the New York *Tribune*, some one remarked that "a mere accident placed him there," to which another replied: "A mere accident may have placed him there, but no accident will keep him there."

This is true of persons in all professions and occupations. A young man may be suddenly elevated to a prominent position by what seems chance; but, unless he is able, active, energetic and industrious, he will not keep it long. The boy in a grocery store, whose business is to weigh or measure out goods, or the boy in a lawyer's office, who must run errands and sweep out the office, must alike show a reasonable amount of intelligence, courtesy and industry, or they will not stay.

Mr. Reid still holds the reins of the *Tribune*—the remarks we quote were made long ago—but if he had not kept his eyes wide open and his brain and hands busy, having, besides, a clear conception of the duties and responsibilities of his position, he would have banished him to the obscurity from which he rose. None of the great, thinking, industrious, "self-made" men have been made great by accident. It is a great deal easier to obtain a situation than it is to keep it. We know many who have had good situations who have none now, mostly because they had a streak of laziness in their composition, or lacked the ability or industry to hold the place after they got it.

"It does not take the business men of the present day, or the companies who employ help, long to ascertain how many of their hired hands fell into the positions by accident, and whether they are competent to fill the positions or not, and it is seldom if ever, that a young man holds a position in these days unless he is competent to fill the place assigned him. The chance or accidental business, among the practical men of the world, is played out, and whether it be the case of Mr. Reid, or the boy weeding the onion beds for some farmer at twenty-five cents a day, both hold their respective positions in life through attention to business and ability to perform the labor set before them."—*The Register.*

No Room for Old Mother.

"Going north, madam?"

"No, ma'am."

"Going south, then?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Why, there are only two ways to go."

"I don't know. I was never on the cars. I'm waiting for the train to go to John."

"John?" There is no town called John. Where is it?"

"Oh! John's my son. He's out in Kansas on a claim."

"I am going right to Kansas myself. You intend to visit?"

"No, ma'am."

She said it with a sigh so heart-burdened the stranger was touched.

"John sick?"

"No."

The evasive tone, the look of pain in the furrowed face, were noticed by the stylish lady as the gray head bowed upon the toil marked hand. She wanted to hear her story; to help her.

"Excuse me—John in trouble?"

"No, no—I'm in trouble. Trouble my heart never thought to see."

"The train does not come for some time. Here, rest your head upon my cloak."

"You are kind. If my own were so I shouldn't be in trouble to-night."

"What is your trouble? Maybe I can help you."

"It's hard to tell it to strangers, but my old heart is too full keep it back. When I was left a widow with the three children, I thought it was more than I could bear; but it wasn't bad as this—"

The stranger waited till she recovered her voice to go on.

"I had only the cottage and my willing hands. I toiled early and late all the years till John could help me. Then we kept the girls at school, John and me. They were married not long ago. Married rich as the world goes. John sold the cottage, sent me to the city to live with them, and he went West to begin for himself. He said we had provided for the girls, and they would provide for me now"—

Her voice choked with emotion. The stranger waited in silence.

"I went to them in the city. I went to Mary's first. She lived in a great house with servants to wait on her; a house many times larger than the little cottage—but I soon found there wasn't room enough for me—"

The tears stood in the lines on her cheeks. The ticket agent came out, softly stirred the fire, and went back. After a pause she continued:

"I went to Martha's—went with a pain in my heart I never felt before. I was willing to do anything so as not to be a burden. But that wasn't it. I found they were ashamed of my bent old body, and my withered face—ashamed of my rough, wrinkled hands—made so toiling for them—"

The tears came thick and fast now. The stranger's hand rested caressingly on the gray head.

"At last they told me I must live at a boarding-house, and they'd keep me there. I couldn't say anything back. My heart was too full of pain. I wrote to John what they were going to do. He wrote right back, a long kind letter for me to come right to him. I always had a home while he had a roof, he said. To come right there and stay as long as I lived. That his mother should never go out to strangers. So I'm going to John. He's got only his rough hands and his great warm heart—but there's room for his old mother—God bless—him—"

The stranger brushed a tear from her fair cheek and awaited the conclusion.

"Some day when I am gone where I'll never trouble you again, Mary and Martha will think of it all. Some day when the hands that toiled for them are folded and still; when the eyes that watched over them through many a weary night are closed forever; when the little old body, bent with the burdens it bore for them, is put away where it can never shame them—"

The agent drew his hand quickly before his eyes, and went out, as if to look for the train. The stranger's jeweled fingers stroked the gray locks, while the tears of sorrow and the tears of sympathy fell together. The weary heart was unburdened. Soothed by a touch of sympathy the troubled soul yielded to the longing for rest, and she fell asleep. The agent went noiselessly about his duties that he might not wake her. As the fair stranger watched she saw a smile on the careworn face. The lips moved. She bent down to hear.

"I'm doing it for Mary and Martha, They'll take care of me some time."

She was dreaming of the days in the little cottage—of the fond hopes which inspired her, long before she learned, with a broken heart, that some day, she would turn, homeless in the world, to go to John.—*Lu B. Cake, in the Current.*

Only a Mechanic.

Only a mechanic! Well, for my part I hardly know any one I respect more than I do a faithful, skilled mechanic who puts thought into his handicraft and knows why he does things.

His hands may be hard and his working clothes rough, but I wonder what we should do without him—you and I? We should sit under a rock, perhaps, cooking our food on a bit of stick over a fire of dead branches, without a roof to cover us and certainly destitute of stoves, ranges and stationary tubes.

Only a mechanic! Look at the great buildings that line our streets which vast crowds enter without fear, think of the long stretch of sidewalks, the bright gas lamps, the cold water to be had by turning a little faucet.

Think of the carriages we ride in, the railroad cars, the steam engine, think of almost anything we use, from a fork to a complicated piece of mechanism, and then turn up your nose at a mechanic, if you dare. Mechanics, led on by scientific men, have made every improvement we rejoice in. They are not all inventors, are mechanics who have orginial thoughts.

Mechanics are by no means an ignorant set of men. They generally keep pretty well up with the times. They educate their families; they have neat little homes, where you often find pianos and good books—thanks to the advantages they have here.

They are in this country well spoken and well mannered people, with no servility about them, and no necessity for being servile. On holidays they dress as anybody else, and are often more comfortable than those people who speak so contemptuously of "a mechanic" without really thinking what, if he is a genius, he may be. It would be an uncomfortable world, I assure you, my dear, if mechanism and the mechanics were left out of it.

It would be a great deal better to have none of the more dainty sort of folk, for, left to themselves, they could not do so much, and would go back to the unpleasant condition of cave dwellers, who had not a mechanic amongst them.—*Va. Free Press.*

Five Thousand Mistakes in Webster.

This incident may not be known generally to our readers, and we venture to reprint it. When the unabridged edition of Webster's Dictionary first appeared (without a definition of the word unabridged), that great scholar, Caleb Cushing, wrote a criticism on the stupendous work, saying that, for its size, it had as few errors as could be expected. This puzzled the editors, who asked for an explanation of Mr. Cushing's information on the subject of those errors. In reply, Mr. Cushing marked 5,000 mistakes in the volume which had been presented to him, and sent it back.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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THE Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of New York, has sent a circular to the various institutions of learning wherein trades are taught, requesting specimens of the handiwork of the pupils. These specimens will be placed on exhibition in the Educational Bureau at Albany, so that the quality and variety of the mechanical performances of the different schools may be seen and criticised. This is undoubtedly a good move, and one that many well be emulated by other states. The industrial education of children has at last been recognized as a necessary adjunct to a school education. Every day finds new and enthusiastic additions to the ranks of those in favor of reforming the educational system in the public schools, so that it shall embrace mechanical instruction. The exhibition of the attainments of pupils in the Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb, will, we think, be commended; for, although it is possible in the future to do still better, up to the present they have done fairly well. With a separate special appropriation for teaching trades, still higher results would be achieved. As we understand, a special appropriation for this purpose will be made in connection with the public schools, then why should not the same be done for the Institutions for Deaf and Dumb? In any event, we hail with joy the wise and salutary measure adopted by the Superintendent of Public Instruction, as it must surely be productive of benefit to the cause of education in the manual arts.

Two of the Directors of the California Institution are about to settle a little dispute in the courts. Director Lord has had a brother director, Dr. E. A. Woolsey, arrested for libel. The Oakland *Evening Tribune*, of November 6th, explains that Dr. Woolsey wrote a letter to a San Francisco paper, that was copied by other papers, which censured the majority of the Board of Directors. One of the charges brings the Chinese labor question into the dispute, it being asserted that a Chinese cook was employed by Prof. Wilkinson and his his wages were paid out of the treasury of the State. The Comptroller delayed the payment of the salary warrants until the Chinaman was discharged by the Superintendent. The trial of Director Woolsey was set down for November 15th. Up to the present time, we have not heard the result. As the Chinese question figures so very prominently, one is inclined to the opinion that some political scheme is at the bottom of the matter.

Notice.

The monthly service for Deaf-Mutes, of Syracuse, and vicinity will be held in St. Paul's Chapel, Syracuse, Tuesday, December 7th, at 7:30 P. M., Rev. T. B. Berry officiating.

Deaf-Mutes of Newark and vicinity are invited to attend service in the chapel of Trinity Church, next Sunday, November 28th, at 11 A.M.

Notices.

First Sunday in Advent, November 28th.—Deaf Mutes are invited to the Holy Communion services in St. Ann's Church at 8 or 12 A.M. Usual sign-service at 2:45 P M.

Bishop's Pastoral Letter.—At the 7:45 P.M. Advent Service on Wednesday, December 1st, in St. Ann's Church, the Bishops' Pastoral Letter will be read by Rev. Mr Kraus, and interpreted by Rev Dr. Gallaudet. In attending this service, deaf mutes will receive much interesting and valuable information. There are about seventy Bishops of the Episcopal Church in the United States. They were in session at the General Convent on last month in Chicago, and sent out this Pastoral Letter to be read in all the churches.

ITEMIZER.

News From Every State in the Union.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Massachusetts boasts of having sixty art schools and 11,000 art students.

Wolfe Morris, cigar-maker, has been a resident of Scranton for eighteen years.

Six deaf-mutes, of Keene, N. H., may go to Lowell, Mass., on the 10th of December.

There is a Bible-class, which meets every Sunday, at the home of Mrs. Minerva Fish, of Keene, N. H.

James Williams, of Wilkes Barre, Pa., is a watchman working at nights. It is believed he is the only mute watchman on earth.

Aug. Christ, of Scranton, Pa., has steady work in a brick yard, but will soon work in the D. L. & W. locomotive shop with his brother-in-law.

M. W. Carr, of Sparta, Ill., has accepted a higher position at the *Bulletin* office, at Cairo, Ill., and is working with Mr. Boyle, Jr., who is foreman.

Mrs. Edmond S. Leach, accompanied her mother spent three days with Mr. Amos French and family of Bluffton, Ind., during the first week of this month.

Mr. Eli French, brother of Amos French, had his house wholly consumed by a fire on the 29th of October. A part of the household furniture was saved.

Charles Eaton, of Wilkes Barre, Pa., who has just served out his apprenticeship, will leave for this month to buy some property in partnership with his brother.

The tickets for the Second Annual Reception of St. Joseph's Union are out and are pronounced to be the handsomest that has ever been printed for a deaf-mute society. A grand surprise for all who attend.

Mr. D. E. Ellis, of New Hampshire, had a surprise party on the 25th of October. The party presented him with a nice hanging lamp. The party was composed of Mrs. E. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Young, Mr. Chapman and Mrs. M. Fish.

Mr. Cornelius Boyle, Jr., of Cairo, Ill., a highly cultivated mute who has been foreman in the composing room in the *Bulletin* office for eight years past, is meeting with great success. He is an artistic printer of large experience.

The numerous friends of Mr. William J. White, of Brooklyn, will be pained to learn the death of his youngest son, Frankie J., who passed to that happy land from whence no traveller returns, on Tuesday, November 16th, at ten o'clock.

Mr. Ed. Engle, who is foreman on the St. Louis, Texas, and Arkansas Rail Road was in Cairo, calling on C. Boyle and M. W. Carr in the *Bulletin* office on the 12th inst. He is doing very well at his trade, and enjoying good health.

Master Ten Eyck Litchfield, who since leaving the Lexington Avenue Institution, has had private instruction at home for one year, entered Miss Keeler's class last Monday. Two other new pupils, one a boy and the other a girl, have entered this month.

So James Francis Donnelly, the President of St. Joseph's Union, has decided to take into himself a partner for life. Mr. Donnelly is not only the brightest but also the most popular and best liked semi-mute in Brooklyn, and his numerous friends will without doubt wish him and his partner health, happiness, wealth and long lives.

Despite of the storm of rain, hail and snow, Superintendent Layne took Prof. Parson, the president of the Indiana normal university and Superintendent Snook, of Princeton, to the Evansville deaf-mute school Friday, where the distinguished visitors were delighted in the mystery of teaching the silent children.—*Evansville (Ind.) Courier*, Nov. 14.

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

The Fourteenth Anniversary of this Society was held in St. Ann's Church on Sunday, the 14th, at 7:30 P M Dr. Gallaudet stated that the Society had received about $8,000 for current expenses. He made a special appeal for the Gallaudet Home on which upwards of $15,000 had been expended, leaving a mortage of $15,000. He said that the clergy of the Mission had held *sign-services* in twenty-five different places in the district through which the Society worked, comprising the northeastern portion of our country. Bishop Whipple preached a sermon setting forth what had been accomplished by the Gospel of Christ to alleviate human suffering.

Kidnapped or Killed?

THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF LITTLE MISS MINNIE LOWTHER.

ELIZABETH, N. J., November 20.—No trace has yet been found by the police of little Minnie Lowther, the ten-year-old girl, who disappeared from her home several days ago. She was last seen playing on a canal-boat, owned by a man, named Dillman. But a lad, named Philip Dackerman, who is a deaf-mute, notified the police that the girl was on the canal docks at 4 o'clock, on the afternoon of the day she disappeared.

Minnie's father mysteriously disappeared from home four years ago, and some folks suspect that he had kidnapped the girl. Others say that cannot be, because he was low with consumption when he went away. Mrs. Robart, aunt of the girl, says that she does not know whether the father of the girl has been in this city recently or not.

Mrs Lowther, the mother of Minnie, believes that her child has been either abducted or murdered. The deaf-mute has been suspected, but he stoutly affirms in writing that he does not know what has become of the girl. The canal has been searched, and Newark Bay is being dragged to see if the body is in the water.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

We win again.

SCORE 14 TO 0.

Gleanings.

(*From our Washington Correspondent*).

The past week has been an unusually dull one, owing principally to the rain which fell almost unintermittingly during the first part of the week. On Wednesday, the dull drizzle of the preceding three days changed into a furious rain storm, which drenched everything and since then, as if it had exhausted its powers of being disagreeable, the weather has been perfect. The rain interfered a great deal with foot ball practice, and necessitated the posponement of a game which was to have been played between the Kendalls and the Washington High School eleven.

On Saturday last, the foot-ball team, accompanied by a large number of students, went over to Alexandria to play a game with the Howards, of the Episcopal High School. The Howards are old enemies of ours, from whom many a hard-fought field has been won, and although the Kendalls were tolerably confident of winning, there was a general desire among the students to see them do it. The Kendalls had the advantage from the first and kept the play well at their opponents' end of the field. Three safety touch downs were made by the Howards, giving the Kendalls six points. Time was then called and the teams changed ends. After some hard tussels, the Kendalls managed to make two touch downs in their opponents' goal, which failing of goal yielded them four points each. A third touch down in goal was made by the Kendalls, and the referee decided that the play was fair. The Howards, however, took exception to this ruling, and declared that they would not play, if the Kendalls were permitted to score the touch down, and the latter, for the sake of good feeling consented not to persist in claiming the four points to which the touch downs entitled them. The game was accordingly given to the Kendalls by a score of 14 to 0. Following are the names and positions of the players:

KENDALLS	POSITION	HOWARDS.
Zorn	*Back*	W. Brown
Bush	*Half backs*	Fletcher
Marsh	*Half backs*	M. Brown
J. Long	*Quarter Back*	Arthur
Barrett	*Snap Back*	Polk
Round	*Forwards*	Randolph
Hemstreet	*Forwards*	Greenway
Harah	*Forwards*	White
James	*Forwards*	Darwin
Hagerty	*Forwards*	Hicks
Clark	*Forwards*	Albert

The Kendalls are becoming well vesed in the rules of play and almost any one of the team is competent, as far as a knowledge of the rules is concerned, to act as a captain; but an over-confidence in their knowledge has already more than once cost them dear, and it came very near giving a goal to their opponents in Saturday's game. Whenever the Kendalls see a man attempt what they have been accustomed to consider unfair play, they let him alone, and make no effort to get the ball away from him. Now, if the referree agrees with them and decides that the play is unfair, no particular harm is done; but if he does not—and nine cases in ten, he will not, when he happens to have been chosen by the opposing team—the mistake is likely to be a costly one. The safest, though hardly the gentlest, thing to do is to bring a man down every time he attempts to run with the ball, unless the play by which he obtained it is of such a character as to preclude any possibility fits being declared fair. This point is not of much importance, but four of the twelve points made by the Johns Hopkins team in the last game were made by one of these miscalculations, and three years ago, the Howards beat us by a similar mistake on our part.

Saturday's game was a very interesting one and well repaid those who witnessed it for the difficulty of reaching the High School, which is situated three miles west of Alexandria. The Howards are a fine team of plucky fellows, but a little too light for effective work.

CULLINGS.

Professor Draper was called to his home in Auroria, Ill., on Sunday morning by a telegram, announcing the sudden death of his mother. Mrs. Draper had been dangerously ill, and some weeks ago, her condition became so serious that her son was summoned to her bedside. Improving somewhat, her son returned to his duties in Washington, but has been called west again by the news of her death. The professor has the sympathy of all in his bereavement.

The flag on the summit of the clock tower has, like most of the flags in the city, been flying at half mast out of respect for the late ex-President Arthur.

Arrangements are being made for a game of foot ball between the Kendalls and the Washington High School team to be played in either Capitol or Athletic parks on the afternoon of Thanksgiving day. It is thought that the venture can be made a financial success under proper management, and as for the game itself, the High School boys have an old score against the Kendalls, which they are anxious to play off, so it is likely to be well worth seeing.

Dr. Gallaudet sailed from Queenstown on last Sunday, and will reach New York on next Sunday or Monday. The students will try to welcome him in a fitting manner when he reaches Kendall Green again.

An invention mania has seized some of the students. One has invented an attachment to his clock, which at any desired hour of the morning liberates a heavy weight which falls to the floor with a crash sufficient to awaken him. Another has perfected an arrangement by means of which the ringing of the door bell opens wide the door and turns up the gas.

The labors of the committee having the Thanksgiving *bal masque* in charge, are rapidly drawing to a close. In our next letter we will endeavor to give a complete description of the event for the benefit of JOURNAL readers.

VAN.

Nov. 21, '86.

DEAF MUTES.

(*From the Catholic Review.*)

Every Sunday in St. Charles' Church, Sidney Place and Livingston street, Brooklyn, at 3 P. M., Brother De Sales, of the Franciscan Brothers, holds services for Catholic deaf mutes.

His work is a labor of love; he receives no compensation for what he does, and does not wish for any. It is not yet a year since the good Brother became interested in these unfortunate people, and in the short time he has been acquainted with them he has done a great amount of good. He has reclaimed to the Church several young men who were all but lost; about a dozen adult mutes have been prepared for and been Confirmed. The word of the good Brother has begun to attract notice. He who began the work out of pure love for the afflicted to-day finds himself surrounded by scores of young men and women who though voiceless, regard him with love and veneration, and who hasten to obey his slightest wish.

Last Sunday the topic on which he lectured was that the first Sunday in October would be Rosary Sunday, and he advised all to provide themselves with rosaries so that all could say the rosary in concerted signs on that day. He also hoped to be able to say it every succeeding Sunday. The Brother is slowly but surely mastering the language of signs, which he considers a very instructive and interesting mode of conveying and expressing thoughts, and he regrets that there is no priest who has the courage to undertake the study of it, as he thinks if a young priest or seminarian could be interested in the mutes, the work would present such a vast noble field to labor in that surprise would be expressed at the mutes being so long neglected.

The Protestant Church has been more wide awake. In 1859 the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet started a Bible class for the adult deaf-mutes in New York city. The class gradually grew into St. Ann's Church for the Deaf, which is now the headquarters of the "Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes." This mission was incorporated in 1872.

"The Annual Reports of this Society have given evidence of its healthy growth and undoubted usefulness," says a daily paper. The Tenth Report, in its appendix, contains statements in relation to the independent departments which have recently come into existence; the first, embracing the dioceses of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware; the second, the Western dioceses; the third, the Southern dioceses; the fourth, the dioceses of Central and Western New York, leaving to the 'the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes' the dioceses of New York, Long Island, Albany, Northern New Jersey, and the dioceses of New England. The work is one. The clergy, the lay-readers and the Bible-class teachers, are all striving to lead the deaf-mutes of our country to become devout communicants of the Church of Christ.

"Much is also accomplished in promoting the temporal welfare of this peculiar people. Twelfth Sunday after Trinity offerings in the first division named above, may be sent to Rev. H. W. Syle, 2206 Wallace street, Philadelphia, Penn; in the second, to Rev. A. W. Mann, 5 Chestnut street, Cleveland, Ohio; in the third, to Rev. Job Turner, Staunton, Va; in the fourth, to Rev. Thomas B. Berry, Trumansburg, N. Y., and in the last to Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., General Manager, 9 West Eighteen street, New York, or to Mr. William Jewett, Treasurer, 49 Lispenard street, New York."

How many of those who have "become devout communicants of the church of Christ" were Catholics? A person who knows of what he is speaking says that more than one-half of them were Catholics. It is surprising the lack of interest manifested by so many Catholics in these unfortunate people. Appeals to persons of influence seem useless. It is all the more surprising when we take into account the fact that the first man to take any practical interest in deaf mute instruction was a Catholic priest. The following brief sketch from *Nineteenth Century* will be sufficient:

"THE ABBE DE L'EPEE.

Having ocassion to visit a certain widow, the Abbe de l'Epee found her on his arrival absent from home, and only two young girls—her daughters—sitting in the room sewing. The girls received the Abbe respectfully, but in total silence. To all questions he addressed to them they made no answer. Upon the arrival of the mother the good priest expressed his surprise at this extraordinary behavior of her daughters. "Ah," sadly answered the woman, "it is not their fault; they were both born deaf and dumb." The Abbe, filled with pity, asked if there were no means of helping them, and the mother told him that a priest, Father Vanin (who, with the Abbe Deschamps had made some efforts on behalf of the deaf and dumb), had for some time instructed them, but since his death there was no one else to do it. This was the inducement which caused the Abbe de l'Epee to begin his first institution for deaf-mutes at Paris in 1760, where he continued to work indefatigably until his death, which took place in 1789. His memory is still, and will ever be, held in veneration, and in Paris an annual dinner is given to the deaf and dumb in that city on the anniversary of his birth. He was succeeded in his labors by the Abbe Sicard, Bebian and others. A writer in the *Penny Cyclopedia* says of De l'Epee: "While the good Abbe, with that frankness which formed a beautiful feature in his character, solicited the examination and judgment of the learned upon his method, his rivals shrouded their proceedings under a veil of mystery. The Abbe devoted his life and his fortune, except a bare supply for his own wants, to the service of the class he had taken under his protection. Pereira refused to disclose his method except for a large recompense, and Heinicke, in addition to receiving payment from the rich, had 4,000 crowns annually allowed him by the Grand Duke of Saxony. Both these persons made the art they professed an interested speculation; the Abbe de l'Epee only tolerated the rich, he was proud of being the instructor of the poor and ignorant."

In this "great country of ours," with its boasted spread of Catholicism there is only *one* priest who has been regularly appointed to minister to the spiritual wants of deaf mutes. This is Father Lebreton, who officiates in Philadelphia. He, like Abbe de l'Epee, is a Frenchman. His ministrations are confined wholly to Philadelphia. In New York City, in St. Francis Xavier's Church, Rev. Father Freeman, S.J., officiates every Sunday. His work, like that of Brother De Sales, is a labor of love, he doing his work wholly from interest in the mutes. Just now there is an effort being made in Newark, N. J., to have a priest appointed to his work. This is all the Catholic Church has done for the deaf, not taking into account the half-dozen schools established in various parts of the country by well-meaning ladies. It is time something substantial was done in this direction, for in the words of Father Lebreton; "How many Catholics are lost to the Church for lack of priests to educate them; how many are ashamed of their religion, and how many more still know nothing about the Church of their forefathers."

Taking into consideration the good work being done by those laboring in New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia, what is the case with the area of the country still overlooked? How many Catholic mutes are going to perdition on account of lack of proper instructors? How many join the Protestant Episcopal? Church weekly Every report of the Church Mission to deaf-mutes shows hundreds of new names—Catholics names—enrolled under the banner of the "Church of Christ"(?).

Kansas.

Wake up, "Southern Boy," write again.

Honor to the *Alma Mater*—the Kansas Institution.

Poor Jno. McKibben, how did you get your knuckles crippled?

Madam Rumor says that Mr.—— Hunter, of Eskridge, has deaf-mute children.

S. H. Martin, formerly of Kansas, is now working on the Texas State House as a stone mason.

Washington Bronson, a sixty years old deaf-mute, is a practical mason living in Emporia.

Intelligence was received that Deputy U. S. Marshal, H. J. Morrell, of Osage City, has a deaf-mute daughter of eight years.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. R. Gilliland will undoubtedly accept their old schoolmate, "Vox Populi's" congratulations.

The writer of this was informed that Prof. Mount, ex-principal of the old Kansas Institution, in the time of war, has started a paper at Baldwin City. Is it true?

Not long ago, Mary Ward, who boarded and lodged at the Palace Hotel here, escaped without paying the proprietor her bill.

Superintendent G. L. Wyckoff, of Iowa, deservedly ranks among the most distinguished teachers of the deaf. He is honest, capable, industrious and civil by nature.

"Chox Tozz" is added to the list of Kansas correspondents. Hope "Chox," like Montague Tigg, will keep up corresponding for the dear old JOURNAL. He is a scholar of ripe knowledge, and his old classmates and friends would be much pleased to hear from him.

The following piece is clipped from the Topeka (Kan.) *Daily Capitol*, of November 10, 1886:

"The board of trustees of the deaf and dumb asylum, at Olathe, have decided to ask the legislature for an appropriation of $1,100 to farther increase the capacity of the printing office."

VOX POPULI.

OSAGE CITY, KAN., Nov. 15, 1886.

Southern California Correspondence.

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 8, 1886.

The arrival of the JOURNAL to-day reminds me that I have not contributed my usual mite, and demands to know the reason why. Ill health and press of business has been the reason, and still obliges me to curtail all literary work and correspondence.

As I write, Los Angeles is undergoing a period of great bustle and excitement. The elections and the boom in real estate sales keep the people busy, and nothing else can be thought about. The arrival of crowds of Eastern and Northern people, both healthy settlers and invalid tourists, has continued all the summer and fall, and there is no sign of abating. Last week the sales of real estate amounted to nearly $1,750,000, and during October to over $3,000,000. While the sales in San Francisco came up to less than one-third that amount for the same period.

"Dr." Rollin Wells, a deaf-mute corn and salve doctor, of San Francisco, is here and has caught the real estate fever badly. He reports that there are thousands of houses to let in San Francisco, and that the deaf-mutes there are in a deplorable condition, for which they are themselves chiefly to blame. The desertion of people from San Francisco is accounted for to a great extent by the marvelous progress and increase in population of Los Angeles, where there are a great many people from the Golden Gate, settled down to business.

A late number of the JOURNAL mentioned that the champion swindler, Geo. Prigge, had left St. Josephs, Mo., for Massacusetts. I hope if this meets his eye, he will be manly enough to return the money he obtained from parties here under false pretences and adopt some honest means of obtaining a livelihood.

The JOURNAL of the 21st of October had a paragraph in its "Massachusetts Jottings," stating that Mr. Alexander Houghton, late of Worcester, Mass., was "a vagrant and begging money" in California. This is far from being true, and does Mr. A. Houghton great injustice. Only an enemy could have written that false statement. Mr. Houghton is an honest and industrious man, and is far above being a vagrant. He owns considerable real estate here and in Colorado, and has plenty of work improving his land here.

Several deaf-mute rolling stones have vistited Los Angeles during the past few weeks. Some of them obtained employment, but soon found steady work at good pay too irksome, and rolled on towards San Francisco—the Mecca of all such characters.

A correspondent of the JOURNAL, of last week, enquires about W. Ward. His address is National Hotel, San Bernardino, Cal. I learn that he intends shortly to visit Santa Fe, N. M.

The late proprietor and editor of the Toronto *Silent Nation* will soon be here with his amiable wife, sister of Mrs. Widd, to make their permanent home in Los Angeles. The collapse of the *Silent Nation* is another warning to enterprising deaf-mute printers. The publishing of such papers are dangerous rocks, on which many little fortunes have been wrecked. There seems to be no need of such publications, unless run in connection with some large institution for the purpose of giving the pupils a knowledge of type setting. The JOURNAL is too powerful for competition, and is so well conducted as to be the national paper for deaf-mutes in America. So far as I can learn, it has been conducted very ably and impartially, and deserves general support. Personal attacks on the character of individual deaf-mutes, should find no place in the JOURNAL, unless there be abundant proof that the publication of such is for the public good. For instance, the exposure of George Prigge, who committed wholesale swindles on the public, on the Pacific coast, last winter, was a necessity, as warrants were out for his arrest; but the outslaught on Mr. Alexander Houghton, by your Massachusetts correspondent on such slim and unreliable authority, was a grave mistake, and should not occur again. Let all deaf-mute correspondents send to the JOURNAL only such facts and news that will interest and instruct the general readers, and banish from their manuscripts, all exaggeration of facts and malicious insinuations on the character of others. They will then greatly help to make our only *good* newspaper organ better and more powerful for the general good of deaf-mutes.

T. W.

Kansas City Notes.

We will not begin our letter, nor end it, by discussing the weather. What is it to us, or any other person, to know it has rained, or been cold in another part of the country! We can get the weather in the daily papers, and never intend to bother with it in our letters just for lack of news, unless nature presents some new freaks. If there are no news, we will not write.

A very pleasant social gathering took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marksbury last Friday evening, at which about twenty mutes were present, including several of the teachers from the Institution at Olathe, Kansas. An elegant supper was served, after which all enjoyed themselves at games and other social amusements till after midnight.

There was a gathering of mutes at the Young Men's Christian Association rooms last Sunday afternoon for the object of organizing a Sunday School. The project was started by Miss Owen. After discussing the matter for some time, the meeting adjourned till next Sunday. We do not know whether a Sunday School will be organized or not, but we will have some kind of religious lectures every few weeks.

Messrs. Sprague and Stinson, of Sedalia, have moved to Kansas City, and secured employment. They intend to remain here.

Mr. Henry Brantley, of Indiana, is living across the line in Kansas City, Kan.

Miss Bertha Banks, a last year graduate of the Kansas Institution, is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Marksbury. We are glad to see her here, and wish some more young ladies would make Kansas City, their home.

Mr. Chox Tozz, if you are so anxious to see another society organized somewhere in the Missouri Valley, go in, sound your bugle, and you will doubtless get enough followers. The Kansas City mutes who were so prominent in breaking up the first society organized here about three years ago by Mr. Scott, would now go down on their knees and beg pardon for what they did. We got up a social gathering last year, and invited our Kansas friends. There was a good attendance, but it was a failure, the young men said, because there were only two young ladies present, to a dozen young bachelors. A thing of the kind, this winter, would be different as the girls have found there are plenty of young men here, and are flocking in.

We learn that Topeka has a mute gentleman now. No doubt, the only semi mute young lady we are acquainted with, in the Kansas Capitol, thinks its worth remaining where she is.

We are told that Mr. Charles H. Angle, who was called to Kansas by the death of his brother, is coming around this way. We will be glad to see him.

Mr. Frank Laughlin has sold his house and lot. He made a snug little fortune out of it, and may go to Kansas to invest in cattle. Before doing this, you had better consult the famous deaf-mute colony boomer from Iowa. He can give you some good pointers.

Mr. Hardin E. White, one of our pioneer mutes, who settled here over twenty years ago, is still with the A. K. Sweet Galvanized Iron Works. He has traveled a good deal, and is well known in Missouri.

Mr. A. J. Lamoreaux is in with a company, who intend to start a new daily evening paper in this city. They are trying to buy out a weekly paper published here, and if they succeed, some fellows in our sister state will begin to look rather serious.

Kansas City will have an electric railway in operation by the end of the month.

Is it our college representative that has patented a lever attachment for his bicycle by which greater speed is attained? If so we believe he did it to enable him outdo the bulls when riding over the plains in Kansas in his red shirt and stockings.

We will have a high old time on Thanksgiving day.

DANFORS.

Nov. 16, '86.

BROOKLYN.

A steady, drenching rain, with its usual accompaniment of mud and slush, is neither conducive to the comfort or convenience of those whose business or pleasure requires them to brave the elements at any time, and something unusual is generally required to induce those having comfortable homes to leave them on such an evening; consequently when the doors of the Brooklyn Society's room were thrown open last Wednesday evening, the few members, who arrived shortly after were were disposed to take a gloomy view of things in general and in this instance the bad luck of the society in particular. The rain which had been falling for the most part of the day, at this time, as if in answer to the wishes of the pseudo friends of the young society began to come down hard and steady, and it was not thought that many would venture out in the storm to attend the society's lecture which was looked for that evening; but in spite of everything people began to arrive and continued to drop in and when Mr. Godfrey took the rostrum to open his lecture there was quite a respectable sized audience present.

His subject was "Dark Days," a love story, the plot of which was laid in London and contained the usual amount of interrupted courtship, final marriage and much happiness thereafter. With but few exceptions, the audience paid the strictest attention to the lecture throughout its delivery, and when Mr. Godfrey concluded he was greeted with the usual amount of applause bestowed upon those whose self-imposed duty had been well performed. There were present between thirty and forty ladies and gentlemen which considering the weather is quite a large number, among them being, Mrs. Annie C. Holt, of Wilmington, N. C., Mr. and Mrs. Schneider; Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Jubring; Mr. and Miss Wolman, Miss Ida Abraham; Mr. John Wilkinson, of Staten Island, and Messrs Knox, Hutton, Nibler, Warner, Menehan, Pownall, Brown, Parker, Dezendorf, Batailly, Ryer, Howell, Tobin, Swartz, Stengele and others.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. John Lyng, both in this city, and New York, have contributed quite a large sum of money for the purpose of buying a large store, which will be sent to that worthy couple on Thanksgiving morning.

FANWOOD.

Remembering Harvey Prindle Peet.

HARE AND HOUNDS.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

November 19th was celebrated at the Institution as the anniversary of the birthday of the late Harvey Peet, LL.D, whose long and useful life closed on the first day of January, 1873 — nearly fourteen years ago. Eversince that event, this anniversary has been kept up at the Institution.

The exercises in the chapel commenced at 9 A.M., and continued till 12 M.

Addresses were delivered by Dr. I. L. Peet, Prof. E. H. Currier, T. F. Fox, W. B. Peet, Chester Q. Mann, W. G. Jones and by "Head boy," John H. Geary. The exercises were diversified by pieces in concerted signs rendered by choirs of girls.

The spirit of the occasion is well represented by the following essays by three of the girls in the High Class, which were read orally for the benefit of the hearing persons present, and given in signs for the benefit of the deaf.

"To-morrow is the 19th of November, 1886, the birthday of Dr. Harvey Prindle Peet, father of our worthy principal, Isaac L. Peet, and we will all assemble in the chapel, as we do every year, on that memorable day, to hear the often told story of our kind benefactor, Dr. Peet.

"Dr. Peet, like all the most distinguished men, had few educational advantages, yet through his determination to gain a good education, he achieved it by spending his spare minutes to reading and studying. In his youth, he worked on a farm in the summers and in winter he attended school. He became a teacher in a school in his native village, and then in a higher one, and a few years afterwards he entered Yale College and from there graduated with great honors. After his college career, he became teacher in the Hartford School, until the position as Principal of this Institution was conferred upon him. He intended to be a minister, and all his friend encouraged him in this, on account of his possessing many religious qualities, but he gave up the ministry to instruct the Deaf and Dumb The New York Institution which was located at 50th Street, was not getting on very well. The teachers were poor and they neglected their duties, and so the Directors determined to find a new and better Principal. When Dr Peet came to the school, everything was changed in a trice He was very dignified and stern, yet tender and very religious. In everything he was punctual and so was the soul of his business, as it is said that "Punctuality is the soul of business." Nobody dared disobey him. He had such authority that every one submitted to him right away. All the pupils soon learned to love and esteem him like a father. Dr Peet often joined the pupils in their games and amusements, and he very often ook dinner with them. When the corner stone of this Institution was laid, Dr Peet delivered a most interesting oration over it in the most elegant and refined of languages. For twenty years he remained Principal, and wrote many books from which we have profited greatly, and he also added many new improvements to this School. The new teachers which he chose were the best, and many of them were afterwards distinguished. At first he taught the pupils personally, but when his assistants had arrived, he was relieved from the task. He was married three times and by his first wife, (whose maiden name was Margaret Lewis), he had three sons, one of them our present principal. When the thirty years which he had devoted to the service of this Institution had passed, he resigned to seek repose in his advanced age. On his re-ignation the honorary title of "Emeritus Principal," was conferred upon him, and in his stead Dr. I L. Peet beca e principal. Dr. H. P. Peet died in 1873 at the age of 79 years leaving his deaf-mute children to mourn his loss. We were fortunate in having him for a Principal for if he had not been Principal, I do not believe this Institution would ever have gained fame or renown. We all owe Dr. Peet our love and reverence, and we also ought to keep his memory in our hearts throughout our lives on Earth. In conclu-ion, Dr. Peet's death left us to trace his foot-steps and to ponder on all the good works he had done us that we may in time be able to be like him as good, kind and benevolent, and may we hope that his na e will lay in each of our hearts as long as God lets us remain on the Earth. With this conclusion, perhaps I may quote the two lines, which a poet wrote for Washington.

"Let *Washington's* great name
Ring through the world with loud applause."

Two years ago, when I was a new pupil here, we had a half holiday on the 19th of November and we assembled in the chapel in the morning, but as I then could not understand the American Sign-language very well, I wondered what that meant, and I felt almost as ignorant as any one who never had been to school. Now I know why we assemble in the chapel every year on the mentioned day and have a half holiday, and I feel myself flattered to have been asked to write about Dr. H. P. Peet, whose birthday we celebrate every year on that day. If I am not mistaken the first Institution for deaf mutes in America was e-tablished at Hartford in Connecticut, in 1818, by Dr. Gallaudet (senior), and the second Institution was in New York City, at 50th Street. While the Hartford Institution was prospering and making progress, the New York Institution was suffering and in a most wretched condition. There were no good teachers, and no order reigned there, and it had only a few pupils, as the parents of deaf mutes did not feel it safe to send their children there because no body could say a good word about it. The Board of Directors saw it plainly and knew that something must be done to save the Institution from complete ruin. Their first ac ion was to find a good and capable principal, and selected Dr. H. P. Peet for this capacity. Dr Peet was then a teacher at the Hartford Institution. He entered the New York Institutions as Principal in 1831, and the Directors found that they had been wise in selecting him, for he proved to be the right man, and understood perfectly how to manage the deaf mutes, and after a while the Institution began to improve wonderfully and the pupils increased very rapidly, and it became one of the best Institution in America. Dr. H. P. Peet was in appearance a very stern man, as my teacher told me, and every one wi o did something wrong was afraid of him and no body dared to disobey him, but in the whole he had a very kind and tender heart and sympathized freely with every one who was in trouble or distress. As my teacher told us he was very much beloved by all the deaf mute girls at his time and they often gathered about him, to be patted, or to hear some good stories, I suppose. Another fact is, that he was a man of punctuality, and got displeased whenever any of the pupils were late in performing their regular duties or late in the chapel. When he had been principal for some time, the number of pupils kept on increasing so rapidly that the Directors found it necessary to sell the old place at 50th Street, and remove to a larger house, so a new building was proposed to be built. The new place was called Fanwood, and when it was completed, he removed all the pupils from the 50th Street Institution. This was in 1856. He was president for twenty years, and after his resignation his son, our present principal, succeeded him. He lived several years after his resignation, till on the 1st of January, 1873, he was called away to the wor d, from which no body ever returns, but his memory still lives in the minds of his friends and in the deaf-mutes, whom he tried to teach and make useful in the world, and I hope we will always remember him as one of our best friends and benefactors.

"The custom of rendering honor to great and noble men even after their death has come down to us through the flight of years, and it is this same custom that brings us into the chapel this morning, to give honor where honor is due, or in other words to listen to the old, yet ever new story of the life of him who stands foremost in the ranks of our Institution's benefactors, Harvey Prindle Peet, the father of our present honored principal, who has walked as faithfully in his Pater's footsteps. Before speaking of Dr. Peet's connection with this Institution, it may not be amiss to say something, concerning his early life. He wrs born in a small town of Litchfield County, in the enterprising state of Connecticut, on the 19th of November, 1794. When he was old enough, he was obliged to spend his summers in hard work on his father's farm, which was not without good results, for in this manner he acquired a strong and vigorous constitution of great assistance in after life. In the winters he attended school, and was at all times eager for learning, and would read books whenever he had the chance. At sixteen years of age, he became a school teacher, and gained such a fine reputation in his work, as caused his promotion to a higher position. Then his ambition was aroused, and he began to feel that he had the "stuff" in him to do something in the world out of the "common lot" of man, and accordingly set to work, preparing for college. In 1818, he entered Yale and graduated with honor, intending to devote the rest of his life to the ministry; but "Man proposes, and God disposes," and his intentions were not destined to be carried out fully. He received an invitation to teach in the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, at Hartford, which he accepted, and thus he was led to see his especial fitness for the work. In 1831, the Directors of the New York Institution casting about for some one to raise their standard out of the mire into which it had fallen, came across Harvey P. Peet, and it was said to him. "Thou art the man," and he came to New York. We can never be too grateful to the Divine Providence which led him he e, for if not for him, the New York Institution might have become only a buried memory of the past. The duties assigned him were numerous and required much thought and care in their execution. He was at the same time principal, teacher, and Superintendent as well as one of the Directors of the Institution, but he did not stagger under the burden. Devoting himself to his work with that energy born of a steadfast determination, he soon changed the state of affairs much for the better, and the New York Institution became filled with interested pupils and efficient teachers. In 1856, new buildings having been completed, the pupils were removed from their old school at Fiftieth Street to the present Institution. As a proof of the rare ability of Dr Peet it is well to state that when he entered the Institution, there were only eighty-five pupils, although it had been open thirteen years, but after his arrival the number swelled up to one hundred and thirty-four, two years later, and when he resigned there were four hundred and thirty-nine.

Dr. Peet was very successful in discipline with deaf-mutes. Bad boys trembled beneath his glance and feared his reproofs. But beneath the sternness necessary to one in his position there beas a human heart full of kindly emotions, and those who could see that it was so, loved him and honored him as much as he deserved For thirty-six years he remained the head of the school, and then his age and increasing infirmities weighed so heavily that he reluctantly resigned, leaving his place to be filled by his oldest son, Isaac L. Peet, who yet holds it and will we trust, holds it many years more. He retired to the Mansion House, retaining the title of Principal Emeritus, and aided the deaf with voice and pen, whenever he could, until the Angel of Death came to bear him away to his much needed rest, on the 1st of January, in 1873, and the pillar which had so long supported our Institution fell away, although not of its own accord.

In the true sense of the word, Dr. H P. Peet was a great man, he was also a good man. He had that "good name" which is "better than riches," and we trust his memory will ever remain fresh and green within our hearts, until memory is no more.

The chapel exercises ended by dinner time, and in the afternoon there was no school or work.

HARE AND HOUNDS.

A good game of "hare and hounds" once a year is considered essential in order to make their school days less monotonous, and the 19th of November is generally chosen as the day for the "chase." As we have before said in a recent letter, they were making preparations for the event, and to see them as they appeared at two o'clock that afternoon, one would have thought so. They were dressed in the most fantastic manner imaginable, in knickerbockers. All the colors of the rainbow and their various shades were represented, and they were made as their fancy directed them. Thus arrayed, they were exceedingly picturesque.

Professor Thomas Francis Fox was timekeeper and starter, and ten minutes of two, the hares, with large bags of cut paper strapped to their sides, with which to make a trail, trotted off at his word. They were four in number, namely, William McVea, Charles Mull, Peter Fogle and William L. Hanson.

The hounds were on the girls' side, so as not to see in what direction they started, and during the ten minutes' interval, they were as enthusiastic as it was possible. Prof. Fox, with watch in left hand and handkerchief in the other, waited patiently with the rest. One minute of two he lifted his handkerchief, and as the little second hand completed its last circuit, which made up the hour, the handkerchief fell, and off they bounded in pursuit.

Prof. Currier's pupils also were sent off ten minutes later, without regard to the possibility of getting lost on two trails.

In the evening, the hares and hounds were back, wearing that melancholy expression that people do, when they are disappointed. The hares went as far as Yonkers, a distance of nine miles, and returned by rail. The hounds gave up the chase as far as Fort Washington, because the wind blew the paper in all directions, rendering it impossible to form any course to take.

Not daunted by this failure, they are going to make another attempt in December.

Prof. Thomas F. Fox delivered the remainder of "Monte Christo" last Saturday evening to a large and appreciative audience. His unusual fine style of sign-making was a notable feature of the evening.

Misses Prudence Lewis, Frankie Hawkins, Georgie Decker, Jennie Williams and Martha Hamilton were at the Fair in aid of St. Ann's Church for Deaf Mutes, on the 18th inst.

Miss Prudence Lewis received a call from her nephew last Friday. And entered upon another year of her life on the 21st.

George Hackett, who was taken from the Orphan Asylum about nine years ago, and who was supposed to be without relatives, has found a brother, who came to see him last week.

AQUILA

KANSAS.

Kansas just now is reveling in the luxury of its products. There seems to be no end of what it can't do, and the people are beginning to let their imagination soar to an extent that would appal "Solid Muldoon." Pumpkins so large that a hole is cut, the inside scooped out, and used us a residence, of which the Kansas novelist writes as the "mansion of golden brilliancy where hospitality gleams from the roof upon the hungry traveler, who yearneth for pumpkin pie and enough of it." There is no prevaricating in the real estate agent's announcement of "Cheap homes for the million." There is a species used for this purpose impervious to decay, looking like a large lump of brick, which with the addition of a cupola and portico is mistaken for the fulfillment of Wagner's imagination in his description of the fairy villa in Parsifal. As to their durability or toughness, if "Solid Muldoon" will send his frisky colt, we will send it back in paralized surprise.

In every respect, Kansas is grand. If she were not so, how could Kansas City grow to such size in so short a time. What is the power behind the throne? Kansas City, with its seven bluffs of clay would never be what it is if it were not for the "Banner State." Danfors should give credit to whom it is due, in speaking of Kansas City's rapid growth. Its growth is all doing to the productions of Kansas. The resources of the state are inexhaustible, its future grand, and we advise all mutes in the crowded cities of the East wishing to increase their stock in worldly lands and future wealth to come, for if it is elbow room they want one hundred and sixty acres will give it. A great many of mutes, who have the patience to wait for the good time coming, have taken claims in the western and southern part of the state. Danfors may find Editor Harbert's advice to the kickers to have reference to him, and take the hint and slide into obscurity about the matter and not lose any more sleep.

"King's Life is reported to be laid on the shelf." It is a surprise that none are laid up in the hospital, for printing the most diabolical wood cuts ever seen, and the *et al* combination can thank their stars that nothing worse is dead than the paper.

In regard to Danfors negative vote to enter young ladies at college—he remarks that "See it Eh" would have no fun in such were he there. In the first place it was inferred that a separate department was to be maintained, as he understood it. It can also be shown that the girls equal, and in some cases excel the boys in studies. If they can beat them at school, they can keep up with them at college.

Good for "Hiawatha." The name is out of place, considering his spunky talk. All mutes will applaud his expose and open challenge.

Hirman Phillips, a teacher of twenty five years experience is teaching the First or High Class at the Kansas Institution again this year. A teacher of inestimable value, and a man of rare virtues, and who has the hearts of all his pupils. Having already God's and it a pupil's blessing is of value, then we give it with all our heart.

Will Kline, formerly supervisor at the Kansas Institution, is according to correspondents living at Reading, Pa.

A mute, whose name we have forgotten, is employed in the Post Office at Atchison. This shows that mutes can contend for position in the Civil Service. It is expected that he is yet there, but not a word does one hear of there being any mute in the home of the Governor. The same may be said of St. Joe, a city of some 60,000 population. Several are known to live there, but they let nothing be known of their doings or whereabouts.

Miss Annie Bolton, a graduate of the Illinois Institution, has been living there, the past year, but thinks of burning the bridge behind her, and seeking some more unhealthy place, her father being a doctor.

What has become of "Vox Populi?" Old Man Grigsby says he must do a heap of writing, as he reads his name in lots of papers So "Vox," don't get griggy about it, for you see we have guessed your name.

The study of gymnastics is becoming a classic study at the Kansas Institution. At a late meeting, it was decided that the next subject for debate would be: "That hunting is better than sawing wood" Any boy, who can't decide that without debate, needs a transferal to Lawrence. If they decide that sawing wood is fun, they may be put to it, as the Superintendent believes the solution of a question is to put it to the test.—*General News.*

Mr. William Pick, who has been a resident of Leavenworth for several months past, is now of Kansas City, where he will soon fill a position in an architect's office. He hopes he may succeed, as he is a talented and well educated young man, being a graduate of Kendall Green.

Leavenworth's colored representative, F. Drake, has returned to school at Olathe, and is again pirouetting as a conveyer of minced meats in the dining-rooms.

William Winkler contemplates taking up the "steels" again for the winter, as he has equal facility with the stick or needle, being also a tailor. He was reported dead, a year ago, by "Vox Populi," who made an elegant eulogistic funeral oration. "Vox" will feel discouraged at this piece of information, that his grandest effort thus turns out to have been wasted.

Miss Ella Cox, a last year's graduate of the Kansas Institution, living at Lawrence, has been on a week's visit to her sister, Mrs. Frank A. Scott, of Leavenworth. She intends returning for a month after the Christmas holidays.

Norman Hunt, whose whereabouts has been a mystery to his friends, has shown up at the Kansas Institution.

HARTFORD.

The *Christian* (London, England), publishes the note, which a lady of position and property anxious about her neighbors, provided religious services for them. She was very deaf—could scarcely hear at all. On one occasion, one of her preachers managed to make her understand him, and at the close of their conversation, asked: "But what part do you take in the work?" "Oh," she replied, "I smile them out!" Very soon, the preacher saw the result of her generous, loving sympathy, in a multitude of broad shouldered, hard fisted men, who entered the place of worship, delighted to get a smile from her, as she used to stand in the doorway to receive them. Why do not the working classes attend the House of God? They would, in greater numbers, if self-denying Christ-loving Christians would smile them in, and smile them out.

The Royal Commission of the Blind, Deaf and Dumb, etc., have finished a tour of visits to some of the principal institutions of the north of England and Scotland. Besides inspecting a large number of institutions, the Commissioners had numerous interviews with ladies and gentlemen interested in the cause of the classes included in the terms of reference, with superintendents of out door missions, and with deputations of blind working men. The Commissioners have accumulated, through personal observation, a mass of valuable information, which they propose to supplement, during the ensuing months, by the oral testimony of the principal witnesses of the institutions referred to.—*The London Illustrated News, Oct.* 16, 1886.

There is an Italian peanut-vender in the eastern part of this city who happens to be dumb, but who has the perfect use of his ears. Augustus Phunnyman was patronizing the Italian, a few days ago. Augustus thought it would be a good chance to spring a stale joke on the man, because he was dumb, and, therefore, could not shout "Chestnuts!" While the Italian was doing up half a pound of dates, Augustus got off the old joke, but just as he had finished, the peanut-vender slapped his chest, and pointed to that part of the stand, which is utilized for holding nuts of various kinds. It took Augustus some time to understand the combination.

From a Hartford paper, we clip the following story: "George Thompson, a mute colored man of middle age, came from Farmington, Conn., Monday, and has dwelt in Hartford since then, particularly in that part called the Police Station. Three times previous to last night, George has appeared at the register window, within the past two or three weeks, and been accommodated. He was prosecuted, this morning, for being a vagrant. Being unable to hear or talk, George was informed by Captain Bill, by means of signs, that he was on the road to jail, for being homeless. When he came out into the witness box, Prosecuting Attorney Coogan improved the opportunity, and George and he wrote letters to each other on the subjects of police courts and tramps. Finally, he read these words, representing Judge Henney's views! "If you stay around here, today, instead of going to Farmington, I'll send you to jail." George smiled, as he read it, grabbed his hat, swung it in the air towards the court, and made quick time for the street. His name given was false, but the JOURNAL writer knew who he was."

NOTES.

Miss Harriet B. Rogers, ex-Principal of the Northampton (Mass)., School for Deaf-Mutes, is stopping at the school, for a short time. She expects to spend the winter in the West.

A dumb man applied for a position as conductor on one of our "L" roads, alleging that a dumb conductor was as good as any other, since all of them called out the names of station, so indistinctly that no one could understand.—*Texas Siftings.*

Silence may be golden, but it doesn't necessarily make a millionaires out of a mute.—*Philadelphia Call.*

The 10th birthday of the daughter of Mrs. Alice Hennessey, a charming lady of this city, brought a half score of young ladies to see her on 5th of this month (Friday evening). The JOURNAL writer was given lots of fun by the children. It was a very pleasant party.

We will be glad to know that George A. Simpson, our well-known magician, will perform many different wonderful tricks at the Young Men's Christian Association Hall (here) on 24th of this month.

Mr. Fred. W. Robinson, formerly of Richmond Corner, Maine, but now of Willimantic, Connecticut, was recently here on a flying visit. He works in the Windham County Mill as a weaver.

Some one recently broke the door of the Hartford school and entered into the barn. We are sorry to say that Mr. Porter, a speaking livery man, lost twenty-five dollars. Who was the sneak thief?

PEN POINT.

☞ Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

TENNESSEE DOTS.

One of the most interesting canvasses for the Governorship of Tennessee, perhaps, ever known to her history was that of the Taylor Brothers, which ended only a short time back and when the election came off. The Democrate Candidate, Hon. Robert L. Taylor, found that he had won the plum over his brother, Hon. Alf A Taylor, the Republican Candidate, by a majority of nearly twenty-five thousand.

James Moylan hailing, from Baltimore, Md., is traversing the State, selling pictures of our excellent President Cleveland and his bonny bride, Generals Grant and Garfield. Jim says that the pictures of the President and mistress of the White House finds a more ready sale than the others. Of course, Jim, they will among the Southerners, who take a great interest in the present efficient administration.

We hear that a warm friend of Louis A. Hyder, of Chattanooga, Tenn., who was recently appointed Secretary and Treasurer of a gold Mining Company, of Oregon, has offered Louis, a lucrative position, yet, while he has conscientiously studied the matter, he has reached no conclusion in regard to accepting it.

It is rumored that a certain young man connected with the Deaf and Dumb Institution of an adjoining state, who paid a visit to the "Mountain City" of this State, not many weeks back, has been afflicted over the description furnished him by a friend of his, of a charming young lady that lives in that city, for since his return home he has written to his friend, asking him to call on her for his sake and make known to her that he would like to have the liberty of writing to her. "Young man, if you do not know better, let me advise you that the proper way of making such arrangements is to call in person."

On last Sunday afternoon, the writer of this, in company with a young man from a distant state, set out on foot for a trip to the famous Lookout Mountain by the way of the new Indian railway, and after climbing up the steep wood and over a pass about half a mile long and fifty feet high, they succeeded in reaching the top of the mountain, just as the sun was hiding over the hues, which was a dangerous undertaking; still, they apprehended more danger on the return on account of darkness. But, fortunately, the moon shot forth its bright ray, and by its guide they landed back safely with the exception of being very much fatigned.

WOG.

Syracuse, N. Y.

Bad rain on Saturday for Mr. Stout.

Mr. Stout requests your scribe to thank all who rendered services for him.

The Armory Hall will not be rented for any purpose, unless the entertainment is under the auspices of a military organization that belongs to the state.

Mr. Stout's performance was under the auspices of the U. S. Grant Light Artillery, and one-half of the proceeds went to the artillery and the other to Mr. Stout.

There was a good deal of chatting at the armory among our brethren and sisters.

We are indebted to captain Randall for his kindness to show us around. Thanks, Captain, should there be an encouraging move to have a levee this winter, it ought to be done. It is hoped that we will endeavor to have a grand levee. If so, the ball named will be selected, as it would accommodate about 300 people or more. Deaf mutes living outside of Syracuse, it is believed, would be glad to come and have a jolly time. Brethren, talk, discuss and arrange things.

Mr. and Mrs. Rumrill, living four miles north of this city, came here and saw the show. They went home bravely in the dark, at 11 P.M.

Mr. Stout has gone to Rome, where he was invited to come, and it is probable that he will give an exhibition some time. Friends, we recommend him highly to all who desire to see a good show.

Mr. and Mrs. Nye, through a letter of introduction from Mr. Hesley, of Rochester, entertained Mr. Stout, during his s ay here.

Miss Effie H. Hitchcock, of Flint, Mich., left here last week for Rochester, N. Y., where she visited friends and then proceeded to Batavia, N. Y., where her relatives live. She will stay with them this winter until about the latter part of December, when she leaves for her sweet home, from which she has been absent about four months.

Mr. Doran, distributor of mails at the Syracuse post-office, has served faithfully for our Uncle Sam, eight years. He has been punctual at work, and every body likes his good habits. He has a child, fifteen months old.

Remember second Tuesday of each month, Revs. Berry and Lockwood will hold services at the new St. Paul's Church on Layfayette Street.

James Doane returned home from New York two weeks ago, where he saw President Cleveland and other men of prominence. At the party given by Miss Town, he was requested to tell his story about the excursion trip he had while in New York. He said rain bothered him so much he could not enjoy much in New York. He was disappointed not to see Mr. Bond. He had no time to see his old chums.

Rev. Thomas Berry kept his prompt appointment and gave a good sermon. There were about twenty mutes. He says he would be here again the second Tuesday in December. The Rev. Lockwood was unable to be present Tuesday of last week, owing to the pressure of some business, the Rev. Randolph, who married Mr. and Mrs. George Connor two years ago, taking his place for that evening. Mr. Berry announced us that Mr. Lockwood has under consideration a method of giving us a Bible class. It is hoped that a society will be organized, should we have the privilege of using the chapel in St. Paul's Church.

John Monahu has been working for Mr. Rumrill on his farm. It is said he is an industrious farm hand.

HOME FOR DEAF-MUTES.

A NEW BUILDING FOR THEM—BISHOP WHIPPLE DELIVERS A TOUCHING SERMON.

The fourteenth anniversary or the formation of the Mission to Deaf-Mutes was recognized by a special service at St. Ann s Episcopal Church, the parent of the society, last evening. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, the pastor, made an address upon the condition of the mission, its needs and progress. The venerable Bishop Whipple preached the sermon. Dr. Gallaudet said that during the past year the society had bought a roomy house and 150 acres of land near New Hamburg on the Hudson, with the purpose of establishing a retreat for the homeless deaf-mutes of the State. The purchase money had been $30,000. Of this amount the society had paid $15,000 out of its treasury, and the balance had been provided for by mortgage. The inmates of the home, of whom there were twelve at present, made some return for their accommodations by tilling the farm lying about it. Dr. Gallaudet solicited contributions to pay for a water supply for the home.

Bishop Whipple, who came on from Chicago to preach the sermon, lately won new celebrity by his bravery at the time of the terrible train accident at Rio, near Portage, Wis. The bishop was in the second car of the limited express when it ran into the freight train. The car nearest the engine caught fire and the inmates were unable to get out without assistance. Many of them were burnt to death. Bishop Whipple went to the rescue half dressed and in his stocking feet. Through his work at the burning windows several children were saved from incineration. The bishop is nearly 70 years old.

Last evening he preached upon the sinless compassion of Jesus Christ, and likened it to the tenderness of heart that all good men and women should feel for the helpless. He had always cherished, he said, a great love for the deaf-mutes. Often he had speculated upon the pathos of their condition, and wondered whether these unfortunates did not suffer more acutely from mental agony than those who could tell their grief in words to others.—*N. Y. Star, Nov.* 15.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Ernest Bingham wears a pair of spectacles, and he looks so wise that we call him a professor. We do not mean to hurt his feelings.

Miss Belle Aylor, who has been ill with pneumonia for several days past, and another new case coming in, died last Thursday morning, at 10:40 o'clock. She was carried in an elegant polished coffin by eight deaf-mute pall bearers to the chapel, where a funeral sermon was delivered by Rev. Dr. Norman, of the Methodist Church, and then in a hearse, followed by a procession of deaf and dumb pupils and some of the officers to the depot, and the west-bound train bore it away. This was an awful struggle for me to bear. The pupils missed her very much, and they are sad; but this state will soon pass away, like a black cloud followed by bright rays of hope and comfort.

Mr. Milton Johnson is doing well as a supervisor of the deaf boys. He is never satisfied with decorating his room with ornaments, though it looks like a paradise. He is now painting the floor to make it look prettier, and smooth enough for the boys to slip on it and hurt themselves.

Mr. and Mrs. David R. Tillinghast are well as usual, but the former's brother Thomas is sick, and not able to attend wholly to his duty in the school; but I hope he will get well soon, and be out to attend to his duty.

How is Mrs. J. Q Holt, of New York? We want to hear from her.

Has John C. Miller gone to Florida yet?

It is very cool and pleasant to-day.

QUEEN BEE.

Nov. 20, 1886.

Newark, N. J.

There will be an interesting lecture by Prof. W. G. Jones, entitled "King Lear," on December 2d. The room is at Rector St. Chapel of S. D. M. A., Newark, N. J. Every person should remember this date. Come and see him. Admission 10 cents.

WM. ERSINGER,
Chairman of Committee on Debates and Lectures.

Notice.

The deaf-mutes of New Haven and vicinity are cordially invited to attend service in the guild room at St. Paul's Church, on Sunday morning, November 28th, at 11 o'clock. The residents, of Bridgeport, are invited to a service in the parish house in the rear of St. Paul's Church, East Bridgeport, that evening, Nov. 28th, at 7:15.

NEW YORK.

An Enjoyable Reception

IN AND ABOUT THE CITY.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

A very enjoyable social and musical reception was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. Hahn, at 453 Third Avenue, last Thursday evening, which was participated in by about one hundred ladies and gentlemen, among whom were several deaf-mutes.

The festivities began at 9 P.M., and consisted of dancing, singing, and the rendering of musical selections on the piano, violin, harp, cornet and banjo, with the exception of an hour and a half, when all sat down to an elegant collation, the fun did not lag for an instant, and it was far into the "wee sma' hours" that the last couple had deported, all concurring it had been a most enjoyable occasion.

In the singing, Master Eddie Jabiskee and Willie and Eddie Hahn rendered the solo, "If Hope were but a Fairy" in a very creditable manner. Master Jabiskee also sang the song, "Folly and I" in a rich alto voice with a piano accompaniment by Prof. J. P. Dod.

A trio composed of Messrs. Henry Hahn and S. C Patterson, with banjo, and Mr. Geo. Herhagen with bones, kept the company in a great amuse for about fifteen minutes in their rendering of several jigs, which had the effect bringing half a dozen couples to their feet in keeping time with the enlivening strains.

Messrs. Charley and Henry Hahn also gave a very beautiful rendition on the piano and banjo of the "Madam Piper" march.

Misses Annie and Katie O'Brien, and Mary E. Power sang in a very acceptable manner the song "Bring back the Old Folk."

Altogether the affair was one of those that seldom happen, and which mutes very rarely have the pleasure of enjoying. To the committee in charge Messrs. R. W. Power, Henry, George and Charles Hahn, E. P. Engelhardt and J. Tonies is due the highest praise for the carrying out of the arrangements, while to Mr. J. P. Donohue is credited the honor of being the most amusing member of the company present. His carrying on kept all in a constant roar of laughter during the time between the singing and dancing.

Among the mutes present were Mr. James Russell and wife, Messrs. Tresch, Donohue, Donnelly and O'Brien, and Misses Gardner and Felver.

The hearing portion comprised, Mr. and Mrs. Wise, Mr. and Mrs. Gerbach, Misses Meeham, Fitzpatrick, Conkling, Dowdle, Haggerty, Gallagher, Mrs. Woodward, Mrs. Leist, Misses Burke, Tramor, Hilderbraud, Kelly, Tenney, Jennie and Lizzie Carroll, Lynch, McShane, and Messrs. Smith, Buskirk, Bergmann, McShane, Ernest, Hilderbrandt, Meyer, South, Winkler, Hulburt, Hugot, Reilly and others, whose names we cannot recollect.

Of the Committee, Mr. Robt. W. Power is well known among our mute community, having acted as the efficient Floor Manager on the Gallaudet Club's late excursion, as also at the reception of the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union. The same may be said of Messrs. Engelhart, Hugot and McShane.

The Hahn Brothers are accomplished musical artists, being able to play on half a dozen different instruments.

To Mrs Hahn and Miss M O'Brien are due the greatest credit for the elegant repast partaken of by the guests.

IN AND ABOUT THE CITY.

As Thanksgiving approaches parties are seemingly all the rage. From what we learn the number of parties to be given between now and Christmas amount to ten.

In a letter to a friend, it has been found that "our dear A. L. P." will be kept by the firm of Pach Bros. at the New England colleges this fall. However, Alex will be in New York on Thanksgiving, and to be sure he will be here on the 10th of December, to help "Snooks" use that fifteen dollars in his inside pocket.

By the way it is laughable to see the antics of a certain mute, who is considered "Snooks" by many. At gatherings he can be seen taking out his pad, and on being accused of informing "Tigg" what is going on, a broad smile overspreads his face, and he seems tickled to death. "Snooks" never uses a pad. He has a cast-iron memory.

The return debate is creating a good deal of interest in debating circles, and the outcome is eagerly looked for. "Mr. Spy," why don't you set 'em up?

Miss Myra Barragher and Miss Annie Gould, of Troy, were seen on 14th Street, Saturday afternoon, very near Macy's. That means they were shopping.

Besides "Snooks," his honor "Crowley" and the "Poodle" will be at the Gallaudet Club Ball, and are in themselves worth going to see our conjecture was right. Mr. C. R. Thomson has swelled his collection for the Mortgage Fund up another one hundred and fifty dollars since last stated.

Are you going to the Ball? is a familiar question now to be seen, and if every body goes that is asking this question, Lyric Hall will have a very large gathering. Every body knows a ticket in time saves nine. So look out that you have one.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

From Rev. Job. Turner.

DANVILLE, VA., Nov. 7, 1886.

MY DEAR JOURNAL:—I must not omit to say something good, which attracted my eyes just before I left New Orleans.

I found my way to Mr. Lawrence's deaf-mute school, but unfortunately, it had been let out a quarter of an hour before. Despite his absence, I entered his room out of curiosity, and was pleased with its appearance, and especially to see on its walls some following appropriate inscriptions, cut out of blue pasteboard.

Over his head while he sits in his elbow chair, is either pinned or nailed with tacks the following motto, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." The others fixed in the same way round the room, are as follows:

"Order is Heaven's first law."

"Stores of wisdom belong to whoever will make use of them."

"To become learned requires study."

Over the mantle piece in the room is read the following tribute, "To the memory of John McDonough."

Who was he?

He was a millionaire, having resided in that city for many years. After his death, his great wealth erected twenty or more school houses for educating poor children gratis. Each of the schools bears his name in the following manner, No. 1, McDonough's school, No. 2, McDonough's school, No. 3, McDonough's school, &c. His heirs once attempted to break his will, but in vain, if I mistake not.

After a stay in Staunton of about four days, I flew off in another direction.

Last Friday morning, I paid a short visit to the Deaf Mute College, and made prayers in the chapel in Prof. Draper's place, he having been summoned by telegram to Aurora, Ill., to see his sick father or mother. I am not positive as to which.

After chapel service, I had short but pleasant talks with Professors Fay, Porter, Gordon, Hotchkiss, Denison, Ballard and Kiesel, and found them all courteous. I rejoiced to meet, and find my old friend, Prof. Porter, looking in fine spirits. I have been enjoying his personal acquaintance for about fifty four (54) years. He has my great respect and esteem. I made his acquaintance in Hartford, Conn., in 1833. It makes me feel sad at the thought that his fellow teachers of that year are all gone, except Rev. W. W. Turner and Mr. Booth, of Iowa. We had but five deaf and dumb institutions in the United States then, but now the number has gone up to about sixty-five.

During my short sojourn in Washington City, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac H. Benedict entertained me at their nicely furnished house handsomely. They find a great deal of comfort in their only speaking daughter, who is an *expert in signs*. I can safely say that I know by *personal experience and observation* all over the vast country that the speaking children of deaf parents are, almost all of them, smarter than those of more fortunate parents, for they can make signs, while the others cannot. I do not mean deaf-mute children of silent parents.

I think it proper to say something about Miss Benedict, I have just spoken of.

At the time of her graduation at a leading female institute, she delivered an admirable address about signs, which was, at the end of its delivery, much applauded by those who listened to it with great interest. She had promised me a copy of it, but I have not produced it yet. I presume that copies of it ought to be preserved among the archives of each of the deaf-mute schools in the world.

I will relate a few things, which I saw at the Patent office, Samuel F. B. Morse's first model patented, April 11, 1846, appeared to my eyes. On the model is written as follows, "Born April 27, 1791. Died April 2, 1872. The artist, author and scientist, whose power of mind overcame the opposition of an incredulous people and gave to the nations of the earth the electric telegraph.

At the office, I was informed that Edison had made four hundred and thirty inventions (430). What a wonderful mind has he!

I was shown a cotton gin model, invented by Eli Whitney. It was patented, May 14, 1794. He was born in Westboro, Mass., Dec. 8, 1765. Graduated at Yale College, in 1792, and went to Georgia, to teach school where he resided with the widow of Gen. Greene, near Savannah. During this time (1792) he invented the cotton gin. He died January 8, 1825, aged 59.

At the National Museum are found Gen. Washington's clothes and things. Franklin's first press, and a great many other interesting objects. If I had the time to spare, I would mention several more sights.

At the Congressional library, I was much surprised to learn that *very few works* about deaf-mutes had been copyrighted, there since its opening, I was shown *but three* books,—viz: Barnard observations on the education of the Deaf and Dumb in 1834, Arrowsmith on the art of teaching the infant Deaf and Dumb in 1819, London; and Condition of the Deaf and Dumb by Edwin Eann, 1839—Boston, Mass.

The librarian showed me the oldest book in the library. It was a Latin Bible, dating from the middle of the thirteenth century about 1280–56, embellished by one hundred and forty-six miniature paintings and upwards of 1,200 smaller illuminations. While I was in the city of Mexico, I was showed an ancient Spanish book, printed in 400. A.D.

There are several deaf-mutes in Danville, one of whom told me that he was so much frightened by the first earthquake that he ran out of the house, threw his arms around a tree and hugged it till it was over. The people ran out in their night clothes in fright.

CEDAR SPRING, S. C.,
Nov 11, 1886.

MY DEAR JOURNAL:—This place being the seat of the South Carolina Institution for the Deaf-Mutes and the Blind, I am enjoying the fine hospitality of its Superintendent, and his assistant officers.

Last Sunday night witnessed the first snow-storm of the season in Danville, Va. I was at that time having pleasant sign chats with one of my former pupils at my hotel.

The next afternoon found me in this place. Supt. Walker gave me a warm welcome to his school as he has always done. This first words were: "Make yourself at home." The next said that he had not been well for some days and was broken down, almost all of his pupils having had the measles. They have however all got well, and are now again in school. Knowing that you, the readers of the JOURNAL, are always apt to be interested in deaf mute news, I will cheerfully prepare you as short a history of this Institution as possible, and also several items which I have collected since my arrival here.

The first principal was Newton Tinckney Walker, a speaking gentleman. How he jumped into the position is worth knowing.

He taught school near Hobbysville, S. C., eighteen miles south of this establis'iment. He married a lady who enjoyed all her faculties in perfection.

She had two brothes, and one sister, all deprived of hearing and speech, besides several brothers and sisters as fortunate as she.

One day Mr. Walker was engaged in his avocation, when one of the voiceless brothers, named John M. Hughston, now the oldest teacher in this Institution, handed him a manual alphabet which his cousin had gotten him at the north, where he had been to buy goods. John told the teacher to show him how to spell the alphabet, but the latter was at a loss to know how to use it himself, so he returned it to him, which discouraged him so much, that he went out of the school-room, because the other scholars laughed at him.

The condition of his silent brothers and sister in-law afterwards excited the pity which he felt for them so much, that he took a private conveyance to Cave Spring, Ga., to qualify himself to instruct deaf-mutes. So he learned that method under Mr. Fannine, the principal of the Georgia Institution, after which he returned home to Hobbysville and opened school in this place with five deaf-mute pupils, two of whom are still living. He launched himself into this charitable work January 22, 1849. He conducted this school on his own hook for about ten years, before he obtained any help from the state authorities. He first rented a frame house, and after a considerable time, bought out of his own pocket the large tract of land where this Institution now stands.

He kept this land for about ten years, when he succeeded in selling it to the state, the legislature having authorized him to have constructed this Institution, which will ever stand a fine monument to his philanthropy and energy.

He did not live to enjoy the result of his work, for which he must have made many hard sacrifices; for he remained in this grand edifice for only two years when his spirit took its flight, his mantle afterwards falling upon his son who is the present incumbent, and through whose preserving energy this Institution has had so many improvements made upon it, that it is almost in complete order.

The oldest instructor is Mr. John M. Hughston, and the next, Prof. David S. Rogers, a graduate of the Deaf Mute College, and once a teacher in the Iowa Institution.

A school for colored mutes is a part of this Institution. It occupies the old house, where the first deaf mute school was opened in 1849.

In front of this building is the same place where was fought a battle between the Americans and the British, the former putting the latter to flight. In the city of Spartanburg, four miles west of this school, stands a monument, erected to the memory of those Americans.

My old friend, Mr. Robert P. Rogers, has been foreman of the shoeshop of this Institution for about thirty-five years. He was with us at the American Asylum, in 1833.

Old Mrs. Spring, *nee* Miss Millhenck, of New York, is still living in the shade of this Institution. She has a speaking niece with her for company, besides a small and useful dog, which gives her notice by barking every time he hears any noise. She seemed pleased when I told her that some of her old friends at the North had asked me about her.

Mr. Thomas H. Coleman is, I hear, living in Ridgeway, S. C. He may well be called the founder of the Florida Institution. Last year they did him great injustice by telling him that they did not want him any longer, because he could not speak. What an absurdity it was.

A few days since a silent farmer came with his family to visit the place of his old school-days. He gave us one of his experiences on his farm. One day when he was out walking, he found about a dozen young wild turkeys in a nest, took them out, carried them home with him and tried to feed them well, but they all died.

Some time ago, a mute went a gunning, shot and wounded a very large wild turkey. He had a hard fight with it which defended itself fiercely against him by means of its bill and wings till it was killed. He took it up and carried it home on his shoulder. It weighed eighteen pounds.

During the war, a deaf mute man was walking along the road. Some deserter-hunters saw him, believed him to be a deserter from the confederate army and cried out to him, but no answer came from him. So they came behind him with their loaded guns ready to fire, but he turned, and was so much frightened at seeing them aiming their guns at his face, that he made a sign for *deaf and dumb* by putting his fingers to his ears. They doubted his declaration, but on inquiry, believed it and let him alone, riding away, with their guns on their shoulders. I know of several other mutes who came near being shot as deserters in this way.

Some years ago, one night, Prof. Rogers accidentally had his under-jaw get out of joint under each of his ears, so that he could not shut his mouth at all, which necessitated his going four miles to his doctor, in spite of the darkness of the night. He was refused admittance into the wrong doctor's house, because he was thought drunk. He found out his error and went to the right doctor's, where his jaw was skilfully adjusted at once, so that he could open and shut his mouth without any difficulty. Then he returned home a happier man before the day broke.

The pupils have a sagacious dog, which always follows them into the chapel at every prayer, lies quietly during worship, and opens the door with his feet the very moment it is over.

Yours sincerely,
JOB. TURNER.

CHAUTAUQUA.

Chautauqua County lies in the western part of the state of New York, and is noted for the abundance of its fruits and also for the beauty of its places of resort. The mutes, living here, are very proud of that famed county.

Reports are in circulation of a deaf-mute party at Chautauqua Lake, next Summer. Most of the mutes will attend it, if it will be held there.

The following item is clipped from the Westfield (N. Y.,) *Republican*, November 17th:—"James B. Loyd, with his sister, Mary, and Frank Colgrove, was the guest of Mr. George T. Fisher and his sister, Bella, both mutes of Dunkirk, last week."

Mr. James B Loyd and his sister Mary, accompained by Misses Bella Fisher and Lizzie Crawford, made their way to an orphan asylum in Dunkirk, and had a brief but pleasant conversation with a middle-aged woman, who was once a teacher in the Buffalo Catholic school for deaf-mutes. Then she conducted them all to school rooms, chapel, bed-rooms etc., in which there were full of decorations.

Mr. George T. Fisher got a permanent job in a hardware store, and says he is doing nicely and is well paid. It is hoped that he will stick to his occupation as long as possible.

Mr. Francis Horle, a notorious peddler, was seen in this county.

Miss Lottie Fuller, of Fredonia, N. Y., having secured a job as a private cook in Jamestown, N. Y., was maltreated by a young man. He then fled to New Orleans for fear of being detected. After she had returned home, she was much ashamed to be looked at by the people, and disappeared. The people made attempts to find her, but they were in vain.

Master Childes, a pupil of the Virginia Institution, met Mr. James B. Loyd some time ago, on his return to Mayville, N. Y., and both had an enjoyable chat. He says that he is in hopes of being admitted to the New York Institution, or the Rome, as a pupil.

Mr. John Lesch, of Dunkirk, N. Y., whom the people consider a wealthy deaf-mute, is about to marry an emigrant, who came from Germany. A few years ago, he married a young lady, but she ran away. He, with his friends, sought for her, but he could not find her.

Mr. William Parker, a former pupil of the Rome Institution, during the summer is a farmer by occupation, but during winter, he is a cobbler.

HARRY CASTLETON.

NOTICE

To Graduates & Former Pupils

OF THE

New York Institution

FOR THE

Instruction of the D & D.

All persons at any time pupils in the Institution, are respectfully requested to send to us, at once, their names and residences, and the year in which they left or graduated from school; and, in the case of married women, their maiden name prior to marriage.

I. L. PEET, *Principal.*
C. N. BRAINERD, *Supt.*

ADDRESS:
N. Y. Inst'n for the Deaf & Dumb
STATION M,
NEW YORK CITY

LOOK!!!

THE

GRANDEST BALL

IN

New England

IN BEHALF OF THE

Gallaudet Memorial Fund.

TO BE HELD IN

Mechanic Hall, Lowell, Mass.

Friday, Dec. 10, 1886, at 8 p.m.

We have arranged the programme to the best of our ability, and in consideration of not only the programme, but the object, it is hoped that the attendance will be the largest ever had made in New England

The programme will be as follows:

7 45 P.M.—Short speech 8 to 10 30—dancing. 10.30 to 11 P.M.—Intermission 11 P.M. to 12 30 A.M.—Dancing. 12 45 to 2 45 A.M.—Pantomime. 3 to 4 30 A.M.—Competitive games for prizes. 4 30 to 6 30 A.M.—Various amusements

In behalf of the hearing portion, we have engaged three floor directors. Messrs. THOMAS J. MCLAUGHLIN, THOMAS H. ROWE and JOSEPH F. DONOHOE, and in behalf of the deaf-mutes, several officers of the management will aid the floor directors.

Orders of dancing and programmes of the pantomime, printed on pretty cards, will be distributed at the Hall.

Supper will be furnished in the dining room of the Hall by Page & Mum, caterers, at 11 P.M.

Parties coming through Boston, are advised to take the Boston & Lowell R. R. trains. All trains reach the Merrimac Street Station, a minute's walk by turning to the first left crossing street, and a few doors below the corner on the right will will find the Hall.

Guides will be stationed at each depot.

ADMISSION:

Gentleman and Lady,	**$1.00**
Gentleman,	**75**
Lady,	**50**
Supper Ticket,	**75**

For further information, write to the Secretary.

GEO. C. SAWYER, *Manager.*
P. O. Box 254.
J. M. O'NEIL, *Sec'y,*
Room No. 36, Glidden Block.
HOWARD H. MAYBERRY, *Treas.*
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GRAND ANNUAL RECEPTION

OF

St. Joseph's Union of Deaf-Mutes.

(Brooklyn Cathoue Deaf-Mute S. S. Association.)

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ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY EVENING,

Monday, Feb. 21, 1887.

Music by Prof. R. E. Sause.

Tickets, ***50 Cents.***
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DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at the Tuttle Hall, 198 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Juhring, Pres't; Henry Hoevel, First Vice-President; Chas E. Green, Second Vice-President; Alex Dezendorf, Secretary; T. J. Godfrey, Treasurer; Robert M Patterson, Sergeant-at-Arms. Its object is to improve moral, intellectual and sociality among its members. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Alex Dezendorf, No. 455 Hudson Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Moses I. Aronson Vice-President, Thos. F. Finnegan; Secretary, Leo C. Williams; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy; Librarian, Frank B. Shattuck. Divine service first and third Sundays in each month, alternate at 11 A.M. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to the Secretary, Leo C. Williams, cor. Church and Dorland Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

CAMBRIDGE SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The objects of the Cambridge Society of Deaf-Mutes are to promote the spiritual, moral, educational and intellectual welfare of the deaf mutes in Cambridge and vicinity. The officers are President, A. W. Orcutt; Secretary, E. W. Fiibee, and Treasurer, A. C. Hargrave Sunday services and prayer meeting from 12:30 to 2 P.M., at the Central Square First Baptist Church, until further notice.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets for the present every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 39 West 15th Street First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Thursday. Lectures every third Thursday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. James Russell, President. All communications should be addressed to P. F. Cassidy, Corresponding Secretary, 506 West Street, New York City.

CINCINNATI SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at 110, 192 W. Fifth Street, first and third Saturday in each month, at 8:00 P.M. Fred Reiker, President; Alfred Bierlein, Secretary. His address is 36 Celestial St., Cincinnati, O.

CLERC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clerc Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the lecture room of the Church of the Covenant, Filbert Street above 17th Street. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Mr. Geo. Slifer is President, and Thomas Breen is the Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1917 Monument Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

DE L'EPEE CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTES' ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.

Meetings, the first and third Sundays of the month, in the building of La Salle College, 710 Pine Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Thomas Breen is President, and Mr. Edward J. Carr, Secretary. Applications should be made to the Secretary, 2710 E. Somerset or Rev. E. V. Lebreton, 710 Pine Street.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Willie E. White, President, Bennington; Willie A. Deering, Secretary, Pittsfield; Almos Smith, Treasurer, New Boston.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pas-a-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago mutes effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and friends. Its motto is, Pas-a-Pas—"step by step." Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month at eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, third floor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 148 E Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The club is officered as follows: President, Mat thew Mullen; Vice President, Edward Kingon; Secretary, Matt Mullen; Treasurer, Jas. K. Watson. Address President or Secretary Pas-a-Pas Club, care Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

(DIRECTORY—CONTINUED)

ST. JOSEPH'S UNION, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y

Meets every Tuesday evening at 21 Sidney Place, corner Livingstone St, Brooklyn. Object: mutual aid All communications to be addressed to William Ennis, 19 Fifth Street, So. Brooklyn

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at the St. Louis Young Men's Christian Association, on 11th and Locust Sts. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are principally of a social nature, but the Literary advancements of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be addressed by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, Wm. Stafford; Vice-President, A H Kohlmetz; Secretary, D. A. Simpson; Treasurer, A. N. Merrell; Sergeant at-Arms, Henry McCamley. Address President or Secretary, 1427 Carr St., St. Louis, Mo.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable; to encourage the formation of Union Societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities; to interest all friends of humanity and Christianity in their behalf; to assist in giving extra services to such local Union Societies, which are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves; to offer an additional or extended help to any independent local society, with their co-operation; to strengthen the ties of Christian and ministerial brotherhood; and to discuss subjects pertaining to sacred ministry. The officers are E. W. Frisbee, President; Wm. Bailey, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave and H. P Chapman, Executive Committee.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H Gallaudet, is now officered by Oscar Kinsman, President; Philo W. Packard, Treasurer; John F. Donnelly, Secretary. State Managers: H. P. Hunt for Maine; W. H. Weeks, New Hampshire W. Deering, Connecticut; F. C. Davis, Massachusetts; A. B. Meacham, Vermont, and Levi A. Lester, Rhode Island It is to meet in 1886. Address the Secretary, Woonsocket, R. I.

THE NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTES LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEWARK.

Meets every two week, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel, in Rector Street near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, Matthew M. Hambay; Vice-President, Alfred H. Bousfield; 2d Vice President, William Ersinger; Treasurer, Peter Kinney; Secretary, Thos. R. Stewart; Sergeant-at-Arms, John P. Cotter. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Thomas R. Stewart, 30 Searing Avenue, East Newark, N. J.

THE SALEM SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes is an unsectarian society, organized in Sept. 23, 1874, and occupies a whole building of four rooms, No. 2 rear of Mansfield Block. Divine services, every Sunday, and prayer meeting, every Friday evenings. The members are at liberty to use it at any time (day or evening) in the week for reading, etc. The officers of the Society for 1886 are: William Bailey, President; P. S. Bowden, Secretary; L. L. Chapman, Treasurer, and Hardy P. Chapman and P. W. Packard, Executive Committee. W. K. Bigelow, I. P. Harris, Geo. Pease, Trustees.

THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Guild room of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting for ladies and gentlemen is every two Saturday evenings. The object is for the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are William T. Collins, President; Chas. A. Smith, First Vice-President; Harrison Burt, Second Vice-President; James M. Witbeck, Secretary; James C. Ritter, Treasurer, and H. Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms. It also has a Bible Class at the Guild Room every Sunday at 3 o'clock P.M., under the leadership of its Chairman. All the deaf-mutes and strangers in town and its vicinity are invited to drop in at the Bible Class and regular meetings. The Secretary's address is H. C Bascom's Shop, cor. River and Hoosic Streets, Troy, N. Y.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DEAF-MUTE PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sixth Avenue near Wood street. The deaf-mutes also hold Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th street near Duquenna Way St., every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, No. 58 Pride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

GRAND BALL
OF THE
Gallaudet Club
OF NEW YORK CITY,

Friday, December 10, at 8 P. M.

(To commemorate the Birthday of T. H. Gallaudet.)

TO BE HELD IN

LYRIC HALL,

Sixth Avenue and 42d Street.

The Gallaudet Club cordially invites all deaf-mutes and their hearing friends to be present.

No pains and no expense will be spared to insure an enjoyable time to all who may be present.

Dinner will be served in the hall by a first-class caterer.

Tickets *(admitting gentleman and ladies.)* **$1.00**

Gents' Hat Check, 25 cents. Ladies' wraps cared for free of charge.

Committee of Arrangements: H. A. Hodgson, Chairman; A. S. Guggenheimer, J. F. O'Brien.